THE ROUND TABLE.

New Series.—No. 6. | New York, Saturday, October 14, 1865. | Price { $6 a Year, in Advance; Single Copies, 15 Cents

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OFFICE: 132 NASSAU STREET.

AUTUMN ANGLING—A PLEA FOR THE ROD AND LINE.

At this season the fish of our northern ponds—in a country of less magnificent proportions than ours they would be called lakes—are in prime condition, and hungry enough to afford rare sport. The whole region bordering the Hudson is studded with spring-fed lakelets—some of them several hundred feet above the level of the river—abounding in pike, perch, and pickerel. A few are stocked also with the black bass of the St. Lawrence, the most athletic and spirited fish for its size—except the indomitable muscalonge—that tries the rod-hand of the still-water angler.

Apart from the pleasurable excitement experienced by the man of piscatorial instincts in the exercise of his art, the love of the beautiful in nature, which is usually one of his characteristics, has ample scope for its gratification in the scenery amidst which he pursues his quiet pastime. Nothing, for example, can be more picturesque than the autumnal aspect of some of the larger ponds within easy railway distance of New York.

Suddenly, at a sharp turn of a declivitous sylvan road, perhaps you see lying at your feet a fairy Mediterranean, umbered on its sheltered side with the mellow shadows of painted woods and lichen-tufted rocks, and sparkling with intensest lustre wherever the wandering wind, stealing through open glades and over swarded slopes, ruffles its sunlit surface. Floating fields of the pond-lily cover the shoals, and here and there a little islet, half rock, half thicket, and plumed with a tree or two, looms up from the shimmering wave.

As you push your boat from the shore, the loon rises heavily with a mocking cry from the open water, the crane and bittern soar from the lilied shallows where they do *their* fishing, and, darting from some dry branch near, the kingfisher springs his guttural rattle, and flits away to seek his provant elsewhere. Of all these things, by virtue of the poesy that is in him, the tasteful angler takes note; and as he rows off to his fishing-ground, with a soul softened and purified by the surroundings, thanks heaven that it is given him to cast his lines in pleasant places. He feels half inclined to apostrophize nature; but as angling and talking are incompatible, he lets "expressive silence muse her praise."

A fig for that sentimental hippopotamus, Sam Johnson. He sneered at the "gentle art" because he was too clumsy-fisted to cope with the lithe acrobats of the flood. A fig, too, for Byron, so far as his anathema on quaint old Izaak is concerned. A nice moralist he to cry shame on the contemplative "brothers of the angle!" Had he cast his lures as innocently as they, it had been better for his reputation. The lake-poets trolled Keswick and Windermere, the Ettrick Shepherd whipped the Highland lochs, and glorious old Christopher North was very potent with the trout and salmon. Who that has read his description of a tussle with a Solway salmon, "fresh run from the sea," can ever forget it? Bishops, priests, and deacons, luminaries of science, magnates of art, philanthropists and patriots, figure on the piscatorial roll, and one of the meekest of the disciples was a fisherman. And so, good reader, an thou art a votary of the rod and line, be not ashamed of thy vocation, but rather glory in it, for truly thou art in wholesome company.

What is the world, forsooth, but a big pool—what are the men and women but mere fishers? Do not the solid men of Wall Street angle for the shiners, and our *roués* for the angel fishes—baiting for the same with killing mustaches, wingy whiskers, and cunningly devised fables? Nay, do not even demure young ladies bob now and then for what they can catch, and, like the two fair creatures in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," clap their dimpled hands exultingly when they hook a *Tangling?* Surely the pride of the angler, as he displays the victims of his finesse, is an honester pride than theirs. "Spoon-fishing," as practiced by fashionable sirens, is by no means a creditable sport.

It is sometimes objected to persons of the piscatorial persuasion that they are not veracious, and a scandalous community has endeavored to cast a slur upon the tribe by stigmatizing all doubtful stories as "fishy." Perhaps there *is* a slight flavor of *rodomontade* in the tales wherewith the experts tickle the ears of the tyros. But they are not mercenary misrepresentations, like those which obtain in the diamond-cut-diamond world of business. Your fisherman is not a sordid, cold-blooded fibber, like your financier. On the contrary, as already intimated, he is almost invariably a genial, whole-souled fellow, with a touch of genius, and his fictions are the natural language of a rich and lively imagination. One likes to hear him fight his battles over again, although, like Falstaff, he may throw in for effect a few improbabilities. Nor let us be too prone to set down his marvels as myths. Had Jonah told his fish story in our day, ten to one but some scoffing skeptic would have accused him of shooting with the long bow. The writer hereof, when trouting last summer, hooked a small dace, and, while he was in the act of drawing it from the stream, a water-snake about five feet in length gulped the fish, and was dragged ashore and slain. Doubtless, there are people who will not swallow this statement; yet the serpent swallowed the dace, nevertheless. There are no limits, in fact, to human incredulity.

Some poet (Pope, we believe) assumes that it is a manlier deed

"To rouse a lion than to start a hare,"

and perhaps it is more creditable to "strike oil" in the shape of a mighty whale than to catch a "mess" of pickerel for one's dinner. But we are not all Jules Gerards and Long Tom Coffins. Men of a contemplative and sedentary turn prefer "patience in a punt" to peril in a whale-boat, and a fair lake, imparadised among bosky hills and verdurous fields, to the hungry ocean, gnashing its white fangs on drifting icebergs. "Ice-bound Labrador" or the "storm-vexed Bermoothes" are delightful, no doubt, to persons of a tempestuous nature; but give us the calm inland "fishing grounds," where the angel of the winds, when he descends, troubles the pool but lightly.

Since we could crook a pin and cut a willow wand angling has been our favorite recreation. Possibly, when we ply the "stick and string," there may be a fool at one end and a bait at the other; but if so, ours is a pleasant folly, nor would we exchange it for all the ponderous wisdom of the essayist and lexicographer who swilled potations teapot-deep to stimulate his heavy imagination.

This is the month of months for pond-fishing, and all through the valley of the Hudson and along the line of the Erie Railroad—in fact, in all parts of the state—there are beautiful sheets of water, varying in size from two to twelve miles in circumference, where the angler, if even tolerably cunning of hand, is sure to find excellent sport. Greenwood Lake, at the south-western end of Orange County, Lakes Glenida and Gilead, in Putnam County, and White Lake, in Sullivan County, are among the best. J. B.

PURPLE WOMEN.

THE purple woman is a purely modern variety of the human species. Originally developed in Paris, and flourishing still in the highest perfection at that great center of modern civilization, she has asserted her existence with emphasis in all the northern and western capitals of mankind, and may be studied to-day with profit, if not altogether without disgust, in Rotten Row and Regent Street, in the Central Park and on Fifth Avenue, as well as in the Bois de Boulogne and on the Boulevards. Spain and Italy, as yet, know her not. In those countries the positive social contrasts of an older civilization have not yet been sufficiently modified, the positive lines of caste not yet sufficiently abraded, to admit of the genesis of this new type of womanhood. There the princess "clothed in white samite" and the scarlet woman of tradition still confront each other. There Hercules must still make his choice by turning distinctly to the right hand or to the left; there, set in his cap the red rose or the white. The violet of the Bonapartes belongs to the French empire, and to that great modern movement of social confusion, material progress, and moral perturbation of which the French empire is the highest and most adequate expression. We do not aver that this sharp discrimination of social lines, still extant in the "rearward" Catholic states, necessarily implies a purer moral atmosphere in the world where it is found. "Dress them in white, my son, dress them in red," said King Nasone, of Naples, to Prince Ferdinand asking permission to shift the Bourbon army from the Austrian into the English uniform,—"dress them in white, dress them in red, they will always run away!" And it may be that, as Casanova, and Diderot, and other scandalous persons would have us believe it was of old in Rome and Madrid, so to-day, you shall find the ways of the women in scarlet there monstrously familiar to the women in white. But the woman in purple, at least, you will not find there after much searching, whom in Paris, in London, in New York, you cannot with infinite pains escape from seeing. What is her mission, then, since it is part of the "progressive" creed of our days to recognize the missionary vocation of all bipeds capable of articulate babble, and what sort of an influence may she be held to be in this world of ours? Whence this purely Protestant purple impurity, and whereunto doth she tend?

In Paris, men know her as *Camille*, in the novel and on the stage; as the *lionne* in the pages of "Gavarini;" as the queen of the *demi-monde* on the promenade of Longchamps. In London, the *Times* attacks her, Parliament being risen, and topics failing the brain-befagged press, as the *Anonyma* of the Parks, denouncing her claret-colored Victoria, her Danish dogs, her faultless horses, her unimpeachable toilettes, to the curiosity, the admiration, and the execration of all respectable British womanhood. In New York, we never mention her, so much of the

elder grace fast vanishing from our ways still lives in our words. But Broadway and the Fifth Avenue know her; the trig policeman smiles sardonically as her chariot-wheels thunder by him towards the Park; the loungers at the club windows fling their *lorgnons* up with unwonted vivacity as she passes; her swimming walk, and the inimitable droop of her India shawl, are the despair of the daughters of fashion; in highways and hotel parlors she gathers homage from the "magnanimous descendants of Romulus," the republicans of the new and better world. Who can tell whence she came? Is she a *feu-follet* aspiring upwards; is she a sinking and falling star? Was she once a woman in white, such an one as men honor, calling her mother, sister, wife? and is this purple hue she wears to-day the stain and sediment of gradual-growing shame, the chill of virtue's last hopeless blush, the settlement of sin? Or was she once a woman in scarlet, toned down now to this subtle, more luxurious tint by toleration, by prosperity, gathering upon her once too glaring self the pleasant twilight of an age which loves neither day nor night, "nor extreme heat nor extreme cold?"

The corrupt commerce of the sexes is of no country and of no age. *Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.* The Puritan fathers made no better headway towards the suppression of such sin, with their "scarlet letters," than Louis of Bavaria, with his ultra Catholic proposition to put the whole city of Munich under a license. But the influence exerted by sexual corruptions upon the general moral tone of communities assuredly does vary in different countries and at different epochs, and the purple woman is distinctly one of the most thoroughly evil special signs of the days in which we live. And this for the reason that her existence cheapens womanhood in the eyes not of men only but of women. Whatever may be theoretically said or sung on the subject, it is deductively beyond a doubt that the purity of women is of infinitely more importance to the social order than the purity of men. Our own history, brief as it is, gives us decisive proof of this. Our grandfathers of the Revolution were pretty certainly no Josephs. It has been the way of Fourth of July orators, we know, to clothe them not only with the virtues of their own age and race, but with those of all other ages and races; and there is something almost touching in the idiotic gravity with which such a man as Dr. Franklin, for example, his own memoirs, and letters, and gubernatorial son and grandson of the bar-sinister to the contrary notwithstanding, is perpetually held up to the worship of Sunday-school children as a sort of Poor-Richard-Sir-Galahad. The influential classes of 1776 in the British colonies had, in truth, very much the same notions of morality with their cousins of the same time across the Atlantic, while the influential classes of 1796 in the United States were strongly impregnated with the morality of philosophic France. But both in 1776 and in 1796 it is certain that the decent women of America—the American women in white—had an intense sense of the value of decency, and that the men of America drew both in theory and in practice a wide and clear line between the women in white and their fallen sisters in scarlet. Hence resulted, not by any means a condition of Arcadian purity and innocence throughout the land, but a higher average of domestic decency and of intimate social morality in the United States than existed in the greater cotemporary nations of the old world, so long as the influences of the court of George IV. affected the female standard of female dignity in England, and those of the Bourbon Restoration the like standard in France.

The work which the purple woman of our own day is doing alike in France, in England, and in America is to wear down and deteriorate this female standard of female dignity. It is constantly urged as an argument against the continental practice of legalizing prostitution, and thereby getting it under the supervision, as well sanitary as politic, of the civil authority, that the existence of such a thing as prostitution ought to be ignored lest the mere whisper of its name contaminate *virgines puerosque*. Doubtless, it is well that the very knowledge of evil be put as far off from the young, unfolding mind of either sex as may be, and for as long. But the peril of the purple woman is a peril to womanhood in its maturity rather than to girlhood in its unripe ignorance. The purple woman of Paris is precisely the woman who escapes French legislation and shakes the public morals by throwing a glittering haze and glamour over the distinctions which that legislation aims to establish and maintain. How much more easily must she do this where the law, as in England and America, lends nothing of its help to those distinctions!

There was nothing very seductive to womanhood in the career and destiny of the scarlet woman of our ancestors. That life of shame, ending commonly in a death of horror, was a thing to shudder from—a compromise with despair—a mere hesitation upon suicide. Men who had to do with those outcasts of society then kept the matter to themselves; and, if decent women ever caught glimpses of that world of Pariahs, it was in spite of all the arrangements of society, and to the utter sickening of every sense. Very different is the vision of the purple woman now-a-days! Around her wealth and luxury flow like the rivers of Damascus. Men do not hesitate to breathe her name in the drawing-rooms of fashion. It is hers, *monstrari digito prætereuntium*, on the crowded thoroughfare to dictate fashion from her glittering wardrobe and beauty from her painted brow. Correspondents record her triumphs at Baden-Baden and at Saratoga. She writes her memoirs, and the decent women of three nations read them; her sorrows are thrown into the imposing forms of opera and tragedy, and stainless maidens ruin their laced handkerchiefs and crush their fresh bouquets in their vehemence of sympathy with so much passion and so much pain.

What is her end? Excellent men assure us that, if she turns not to positive scarlet at last, perishing miserably in by-ways and alleys, like her sisters of old at Rome so mercilessly painted by Juvenal, she gets her into gray serge and melts out of life as a Magdalen. But the newspapers and actual life tell quite another tale. We see her now dying opulent and much respected under a title of honor at her villa near Paris; now leading the hunt in one of England's fairest shires as the lawful wife of a belted earl; now making the tour of Europe on the rents of her buildings in Broadway. All the prizes which men in modern society habitually profess to esteem the best worth striving for are visibly within her grasp. The worship of success excuses her—the setting of material ends above moral means makes her terrible as an army with banners. She is at once the most perplexing disease and the most caustic symbol of the age in which we live.

W. H. H.

THE DRIFT ABROAD.

THE casual observer must have remarked the great numbers of our countrymen going abroad since the war closed. The cause of this exodus is not obscure. The old habits of travel are resumed with greater activity for the restraint that has been put upon our motions during the war's continuance. Adding to the old proportion of foreign tourists are, doubtless, large numbers whom the war and its commercial chances have enabled to partake of these costly pleasures. The effect of seeing new lands and strange manners is not small; and as we, in this array of travelers, have sent probably more than the usual diversity of mind and habit to be acted upon by these associations, the results must be quite tangible. We think the social history of other nations can show us that, when the bar to intercourse is removed by a cessation of warfare, there seems to be an atonement for temporal estrangements by national affiliations of increased strength. Our cannon have not been indeed pointed at Europeans, but it has been one of the concomitants of the war that we have been constantly on the borders of enmity. Peace has brought a cessation of actual conflict here no more welcome than the dissolving of the war cloud there. We accordingly find our intercourse with Europe now much like a resumption of friendliness after actual conflict.

It is not the influence solely upon those that go which concerns us, but the notions they bring home will arouse more or less the latent characteristics of all they come in contact with. There is something more important for us than the books it may engender, for journey-mongers among this crowd we shall doubtless find there have been. "A good traveler is something at the latter end of a dinner," says Shakespeare, and somewhat more than something he can be in the quiet circle of his acquaintance. The women can bring us something more valuable than the latest style of Parisian hats, and garnish our cabinets with somewhat more tasteful than spurious bullets and buttons from Waterloo. There are better things for the men to boast of than having drunk the wine of the country wherever they went, or skill in the Italian jugglery of eating maccaroni, or the devouring of frogs or truffles in a *café* on the Boulevards. We might even bear a "fit or two of the face" in room of such complacency. Byron's Englishwoman, who thought Mont Blanc looked "rural," was a poor ignorant soul, without knowing it and without affectation. She was impressed, and took the word that was most remote from her provincial ideas, and endowed it with a meaning that it failed to convey to others. Her case is less pitiable than the Grand Duke of Mississippi that figures in Longfellow's romance, or the Sir Charles of the play, who sees nothing in the crater of Vesuvius—

"Each of whom just enough of spirit bears
To show our follies and to bring home theirs"

—a thought, by the way, that notes Churchill's scholar in Cowper, as in other instances, when he tells us

"How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."

There are evils in travel, doubtless, that the wisest will not be free from, but there is no gain in magnifying them. Emerson has a chronic animadversion against this visiting of strange places. It is a matter of predisposition with him, but he seeks to fortify it by reasons. The soul is no traveler, and the wise man stays at home with his soul, is the flimsy fashion of his logic. It appears in all his books. In one place he charges that for the most part only light characters travel. In another, he seems to imply that most people visit foreign parts like valets or interlopers. That restless disposition that has brought so much of intelligence and science to our world he considers only as a symptom of deep unsoundness. We can pardon such things in a poet, and allow a Wordsworth creditably to fill up his metaphor of the "Skylark"—

"Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home;"

but in a philosopher we expect wider deductions. The gains of travel are so palpable that every order of mind, from the humble to the great, recognizes them. There is much, doubtless, of mere cataloguable knowledge that we can just as well acquire in our libraries. Addison need not assuredly have been in Italy to write his Italian travels, and Walpole was correct in saying he traveled through the poets and not through their country; yet even then we recall the truth of Goethe's aphoristic verse—

"The poet's word to understand,
One must have been in the poet's land."

But there is somewhat beside this registration of schoolish learning. There are sensations that cling to us, color our thoughts, and prompt our passions, that can only thus be acquired. "It appears to me as if I should die with joy at the first landing in a foreign country," said Charles Lamb. "It is the nearest pleasure which a grown man can substitute for that unknown one, which he can never know, the pleasure of the first entrance into life." No one who has not experienced it can know the full value of this sensation. How it both magnifies and dwarfs us! Hazlitt says there is nothing like it to show the short-sightedness and capriciousness of the imagination. We are above the realm of imagination. It is more too than truth. It is the Shakespearian in life—something truer than truth, more imaginative than imagination. We greaten in our own sight. We wonder less at what we see than at what we have left behind. Our own land seems some episodical region—this the true world. We feel the barriers of conceit, of custom, of prejudice that hedged us about give way; and a wider horizon opens than we ever dreamed of before. Though among strangers, we never felt less strange. We cleave to the new associations, and yet they seem apart from us.

Keats describes his sensations on first looking into Chapman's "Homer," when, as never before, he got a revelation of the poet:

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortes, when, with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Nothing can be grander than the immeasurable ecstasy of these first sensations. We hold silent communion with this very wild surmise in our mind's eye. The tide of life flows round, but it only conduces to exaltation. We never, in the backwoods of America, have felt so superior to all this world can segregate.

"It's sublime,
This perfect solitude of foreign lands,"

says Mrs. Browning.

It is these emotions and thrills, these passions suffusing the mind, that are beyond the study of men or books. We must go to acquire them; and they are not only worth acquiring, but worth going to acquire. They pall at last, as does all else with man; and when they begin to pall, then does the wise man find a token. "I would like," says Hazlitt, "to spend my whole life in traveling abroad, if I could borrow another to spend it afterwards at home." As man yearns to emit somewhat of his full soul in companionship, the traveler desires with a serious passion a recommittment to the old associations. It is a longing not to be trifled with. It comes to warn us that we have reached the limit of adventure; succumb, and we will be richer for the reminiscences; persist, and we become poorer in patriotic faith, and insensible to the sweet amenities of home. The wise man will avoid by every means all processes of denationalization, and Americans are perhaps unduly prone to this result. It is affectation, or something worse, to seem to belie one's birth. Our heart, untraveled, should always turn to the goal of home. The lot of a man cast for too many years among foreigners is not to be envied. We can never get another mother like that who weans us. There is a good deal of truth in what Hazlitt says about the time spent abroad, however delightful and instructive, appearing to be cut out of a substantial downright existence, and never fitting kindly to it; and Hawthorne, oppressed with the same feelings, found that the years, after all, when we spend too many of them on a foreign shore, have a kind of emptiness. Travel, in fine, and foreign sojourn, like many another thing, are liable to the abuse of perversion and the evils of satiety. Better longing than loathing, is the maxim we need most.

REVIEWS.

MICHAEL ANGELO.*

COLERIDGE remarked, thirty years ago and more, that the only subject now remaining for an epic poem was the destruction of Jerusalem. If the last thirty years have not produced us any great epic, it can't be, then, the want of a subject. According to Mr. Matthew Arnold, so great a theme ought to support itself, and the wonder is no poet has been willing to give a test to this quality. But we suspect subjects for epic poetry are not so rare after all. The epic genius will make or find an epic theme where we least suspect it. There is no more remarkable proof of the richness of the garners of time than to see now and then some story long considered worn out or despoiled brought vividly into contrast with our everyday experiences by the sagacious skill or divining instinct of a writer. The author of the book in hand is said to be a son of one of the brothers whose names are so intimately associated with the lore and language of Germany. The instruction that he must have gotten at his father's knee was enough to teach him the possible chances of buried worth in every fallow field. Some delving, a little subsoil plowing, a ditch to drain off the obnoxious waters, and the loam may become vitalized from the procreant air above it, and yield its crop of usefulness and beauty. With a training like this, our author might not readily pass by such a subject as the one he chose, simply because so much had already been said upon it. The writer was ready to resuscitate a dormant power.

The age of Michael Angelo was altogether too marked to have escaped many a labored scrutiny. Such names as the Medici, Charles and Francis; such fames as Da Vinci's, Raphael's, Titian's, and Dürer's; such culminations as came with Savonarola and Luther, must always have had an unbounded interest. It was a century too unlike any that preceded or followed. The intellectual activity of the time was greatly subservient to art. It certainly was supreme as an instrument of culture. In the seventeenth century we find it dividing the realm of mind with literature; in the eighteenth, becoming, almost basely, the mere vassal of it. But in the sixteenth it was art that ruled. It was religion's master even, and through religion it governed what men thought, and, in a large degree, what they did. Head and front in its sphere was Michael Angelo, without a doubt. Here, then was the thought that struck our German scholar.

Buonarotti, as an artist merely, had been abundantly considered. We are fortunate in having his record made by those who knew him, Condivi and Vasari. The latter's book embodied much. The author had drawn into it all that could be found, not always without exaggeration or perversion, but still in a manner that made his faults less to be regretted than his merits are to be praised. Annotators on it had searched archive and library, and we owe it to two Germans that the last Florentine edition was enriched to the extent it was, viz., Dr. Gaye and Herr von Reumond. The English public has not been deprived of the results of discovery from time to time. Duppa's life, first issued some sixty years ago, got a new currency a score years since by being embodied by Mr. Bohn in one of his libraries. Some of the latest intelligence, before Grimm took up the story, was possessed by Mr. John S. Harford, who published in London, in 1857, a life in two volumes, which did not show that he had any particular fitness for the task.

In none of these instances, however, had their authors seen the great man just as Grimm felt that he should be. "Like the masters of the old Greeks," says our author, "Michael Angelo worked as a member of a grand and mighty people for their ennobling," thus becoming a part of Italy. Like Tennyson's Ulysses, he could have exclaimed—

"I am part of all that I have met."

It is in this way our new biographer contends that his subject is scarcely known. "The connection of his fate with that of his country, and the tenor of his works, has not as yet been generally perceived. In this respect I have felt," remarks Grimm, "that to attempt a description of his life would be a useful work." Although from the prominence he gives to Buonarotti, the work is perhaps properly denominated a "Life of Michael Angelo," yet its scope to the reader of this review may be better made known by designating it as the life and times of that great man. The author meets this criticism by acknowledging its seeming potency, but expressing himself subject to an increasing sense of the truth that the artist and the events of his day were so mated that they cannot be separated—

"As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been."

Opportunely for our biographer, the last of the Buonarottis died in 1860, devising his family archives to the city of Florence; but it was discovered that the bar of secresy that had so long been upon them was not yet removed. Fortunately a portion (but how, we are not told) came by purchase to the British Museum, being chiefly Michael's correspondence with his father and brother, "in a careful handwriting, as legible as print." This consists of a hundred and fifty letters, while the portion still detained in Italy numbers two hundred. There is in London one letter of the series which Vittoria Colonna addressed to the artist, while eight remain in Florence. Besides much interesting personal history, there is something disclosed by these new sources that is of value to a thorough understanding of the subject. We get now, for the first time, a satisfactory account of what that ill-fated mausoleum for Julius II. was to have been; and we have a much better aspect put upon the ill-feeling alleged to have sprung up between Michael and Leonardo about the façade of San Lorenzo. Another interesting point is raised about the poems. The only authorized edition has been considered that of 1623, edited by a grandson of the author's nephew, and on comparing it with the Vatican MS. and some MS. preserved in the British Museum, it is discovered there are many changes throughout, and, what is singular, usually not for the best. The inference is that the printed copy was prepared by those who could not comprehend the original, and they had in their alterations weakened the text to the level of their own understanding. Our author suspects that some of the hidden treasures at Florence will throw the desired light upon these poems, and contends that not till they are brought to light will it be worth any one's while to bring a critical care to the elucidation of them. Of course all the estimates of Michael Angelo as a poet (among the rest, Mr. J. E. Taylor's treatment of him as a philosophical poet, published in London in 1852) are based on this spurious text, which we might judge was as unlike what the author wrote as Warburton's text of Shakespeare was unlike the folio of 1623. It is perhaps a proof of their abiding power that notwithstanding what they have undergone, Wordsworth confessed his inability to construe them, sonnet for sonnet, so crammed with meaning are they.

As an artist he can be better judged, notwithstanding his works have received some unaccountable treatment. We could hardly anticipate that in Rome we should find the engrossing "La Pietà" placed so high in a bad light that its effect is sadly interrupted, and the colossal "Moses" so low that the statue can hardly exert that power it was intended to have from its lofty pedestal. The modern art of photography is certainly exercising a vast deal of good in duplicating the masterful energy of this great mind in almost every portfolio. The purchaser of these ought always to be sure that they are from the originals, and not from casts. The immense size of his works, however, rendering the process difficult, has prevented the casts from becoming very common. There is but one such copy of his "Moses" in this country, and that stands, since 1859, in the hall of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts, accompanied by another of his "Christ." Grimm tells us that they have not a cast of the prophet even in the Berlin Gallery. The casts of the "Day" and "Night" which belonged to Horatio Greenough, are now in the Athenæum at Boston, deposited there by the late Col. Perkins.

We are doubtless, as our author contends, too little acquainted with Buonarotti's works. Our traditions of him from the last century have not aided our appreciation. Reynolds certainly paid him a glowing tribute in his last discourse before the Royal Academy; but the common sense of his cotemporaries is better shown by what Richardson, the novelist, designated him, "the divine madman." The æsthetical sense of the last century was not educated up to the power of dividing high imaginative excellence from an unrulable idiosyncrasy. We in our day have had some grand recognitions of just this grandeur in Michael Angelo. Most readers will recall Ruskin's eloquent passage in the second volume of "The Modern Painters," and, urged by him, they may have turned to that description in Rogers's "Italy," which that critic pronounced the only just and entire appreciation of his spiritual power which literature has evolved. Ruskin holds that it is the very intensity of his imagination that has stood in the way of a better understanding of him; and such, we think, is exactly the case. It is easy to test this capacity by referring to the many criticisms on his works, and comparing them. Take, for instance, his *tempera* picture of "The Holy Family" in the Tribune at Florence, and put side by side the criticisms of Mrs. Jameson and William Ware. The lady's reputation as an art-critic is well known; but we could not mistake her quality if we were only to read that she pronounces this picture "a signal example of all that should be avoided"—"a hateful picture," showing "harsh, unfinished features" in the Virgin Mother. On the contrary, we find the American (the same who created Zenobia for us and for Miss Hosmer) exclaiming of these same features that they compel admiration and reverence beyond all others on the same subject, being truly feminine and deeply sad, and incomparably the noblest female head of the Madonna he ever saw. It is not difficult to judge the tenor of the two minds from just these estimates, and it enables us to understand how Michael Angelo, like Shakespeare, may be a different world according as his spectators are different.

It would take too much room to follow out this view, but we may be allowed a glance at the "Moses." Mrs. Jameson distinctly shows the quality of her

* "Life of Michael Angelo." By Herman Grimm. Translated with the author's sanction by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865. 2 vols. cr. 8vo, pp. 566 and 527.

mind again, when she confesses her disappointments, and avers that Zappi's famous sonnet does it rather more than justice. We may judge, too, of Grimm's perceptions by his placing it as "the crown of modern sculpture." The reader may remember that the figure has slight horn-like protuberances above the brow (more perceptible now that the figure stands on the floor than they would have been had it crowned a mausoleum, as was intended). It is discovered that the artist thus endowed the prophet to suit a text of the Vulgate Bible, where an erroneous translation in Exodus implies this condition of his countenance. This fact seems not to have been known to Coleridge, and it is rather amusing to read his comments. It is not the first instance where the critic has been, in his own conceit, wiser than his author. What the sculptor probably appended for conscience' sake, Coleridge would believe he had æsthetical reasons for, and contends that, with the beard, they were necessary to give a harmony and integrity both to the image and feeling excited by it. Without them, he says, it would have been simply unnatural without being supernatural. The uncommon beard may, and, indeed, probably was given to offset the horns, but it may well be doubted if the protuberances had been given the prophet but for the Vulgate.

In his recent memoirs of Shakespeare, Mr. Grant White contends that the great dramatic poet of England would have been anything but a playwriter had he lived in these days, and that we must never expect to see another Shakespeare until we have another such an epoch in character and events as marked the era of Elizabeth. The proposition is somewhat startling, but may not be untrue nevertheless; at any rate, the present biographer of Italy's greatest artist seems to hold views almost the counterpart. He shows us with what readiness the great sculptor could become the serviceable engineer when the alarms of warfare were sounded. In these days treachery and assassination were the great despoilers. Campaigns were indulged in without a drop of blood to show for them. The historians speak of a hundred left on the field out of an army of 3,000 as something enormous. There was little in the paltry intrigues of the Italian court, the bickerings of cardinals, the impotence of public opinion, to allure such energies as Michael Angelo possessed; and he found in art and its agencies his home. We might well conceive something different of him to-day, with its wider horizon, its grander conflicts, its cosmopolitan feelings, and Italy might have had its Brunel greater than England's, or a grander Garibaldi than it now possesses.

We have space to say but a word of the present version. Miss Bunnett has come before us the translator of Gervinus's "Commentaries on Shakespeare," and undertakes the present task with the sanction of the German author. Her work is done with a commendable spirit, but not always with the chastest style—as, for instance, her far too frequent use of "things" to represent events, conditions, affairs, and the great variety that word usually covers in common talk. A better discrimination had been much preferable in a book. Still, the work she has done is, on the whole, acceptable, but it does not appear clearly how far the original author may have had a hand in it. In speaking, for instance, of Cornelius, we read in the text, "to whom the German original of this work is dedicated;" an insertion no one but Grimm himself should have made, except in a foot-note. Again, in regard to the translation of Michael's poem on the death of his father, which is given in English, we find that "my translation, aiming more at spirit than the words, cannot take place of the original," to which the Italian is appended. The quoted passage must uselessly refer to Grimm's German version, which is not given, and whether Miss B. has followed that or the original we are not old.

*ABOUT SLEEP.**

THE condition in which at least a third of our existence is passed is certainly entitled to receive the earnest consideration of not only all physiologists, but of thinking persons who do not make a specialty of studying the laws of their being. That it has been enthusiastically studied is shown by the many books which, in all ages of the civilized world, have been written on the subject; that its phenomena have been, until quite recently, carefully and intelligently investigated, admits of more doubt.

It was many centuries ago observed that when pressure was made upon the brain of a healthy animal, a state of stupor resembling sleep, and which was universally mistaken for this latter condition, was induced. Reasoning from this and certain analogous facts, it was supposed that sleep was naturally caused by pressure upon the brain; and as there was no apparent way by which the cerebrum could be so acted upon except by the distension of its blood-vessels, it was taken for granted that sleep was the result of an increased flow of blood to the interior of the cranium. The idea was certainly very absurd, and altogether contrary to the experience derived from careful observations made upon other organs of the body, all of which, it was admitted, contained less blood in their tissues whilst in a state of repose than when in action. But in physiology, as in other sciences, it was very difficult to overthrow a false doctrine when once it had gained admittance into men's minds. The more preposterous and altogether unnatural a theory was, the more readily it received supporters. Hence the congestion hypothesis of sleep continued to be accepted, to the great detriment of many unfortunate patients, till experimental physiology dissipated the error. Men of science are much less credulous now than they were even a few years past. A healthy skepticism exists; and unless the proposer of a theory can bring to its support something better than loose assertions and unsubstantial observations, he receives precious little consideration from those who are most capable of forming a correct estimate in regard to the value of his doctrine.

That sleep is due to a diminution of the quantity of blood in the brain, instead of to an increase in the amount of this fluid circulating through the intracranial blood-vessels, is now a well-established fact in physiology. Blumenbach, several years ago, published the details of a case in which, from a fracture of the skull, the brain was covered only by the scalp. He noticed that when the individual was asleep, the exterior fissure in the bones was filled up by the scalp, which, owing to the diminished volume of the brain, was pressed into the opening by the weight of the atmosphere. As soon as the person awoke, the scalp was pushed up by the brain, which then entirely filled the cranium. All this showed that the brain was smaller during sleep, and contained less blood in its substance than when it was actively performing its functions. Still, although similar cases were reported, the old doctrine continued to prevail unquestioned till three or four years since, when it was shown by actual experiment that the reverse was really the case. Mr. Durham, an English physiologist, removed portions of the skull in dogs and rabbits, and invariably found that when the animals were awake the surface of the brain became red from distension of the vessels of the part, and protruded through the openings, whilst, as soon as sleep ensued, it lost its crimson hue, and sank far within the cranium. Previously, however, Prof. Fleming, of Queen's College, Cork, had shown that it was possible to cause sleep instantaneously by pressing upon the carotid arteries, and thus directly impeding the flow of blood to the head. Since these observations, the results of additional experiments have been published by other physiologists, which show conclusively the correctness of the new theory. There are also many circumstances occurring during health and disease which place the matter almost beyond the possibility of a doubt.

In view of these facts, it is somewhat strange that M. Maury should still adhere to the hypothesis that sleep results from congestion of the brain. He appears to be entirely ignorant of the existence even of any other theory, for nowhere in his book do we find the slightest allusion to the many accurate investigations which have so thoroughly demonstrated its incorrectness. M. Maury was unfortunate enough to be born a Frenchman, and hence, with that remarkable degree of self-complacency so characteristic of his countrymen, has scarcely thought it worth his while to seek for information not of Gallic origin.

With a lack of discrimination which, at the present day, is inexcusable, he confounds stupor with sleep, when, in reality, there is scarcely a feature which is common to the two conditions. Stupor *does* result from pressure upon the brain, either from sanguineous congestion or some extraneous cause. It is also produced by the circulation through the cerebral vessels of blood which has not been properly depurated by the process of respiration, as is the case when large quantities of opium, alcohol, and some other poisonous substances are taken into the system. But neither pressure nor blood loaded with carbon can cause sleep; no influence but such as is capable of lessening the quantity of blood in the brain can bring on the condition so essential to our well-being. When, therefore, M. Maury assimilates the sleeper to a person laboring under alcoholic intoxication, he gives us a very striking instance of his own ignorance of the physiology of his subject; for in sleep the mind is not altogether annihilated; on the contrary, some of its faculties, such as the imagination and the memory, for instance, are often materially exalted. The spinal cord is still readily excitable, and the individual can easily be aroused. On the contrary, the man who is "dead drunk," or the one suffering from stupor due to pressure, is in a state of absolute unconsciousness—he is incapable of motion, and cannot be aroused from his lethargy till the cause which has produced it is removed. Sleep is a natural function of the brain—one which, if not duly performed, invariably leads to disorder of the system. Stupor, from whatever cause arising, is altogether abnormal, and is a most dangerous condition.

In regard to dreams, M. Maury is much more philosophical, his remarks on the subject being not only exceedingly interesting, but also characterized by a good deal of sound reasoning, for which we were unprepared after having finished the first part of his book. Dreams are simply the result of the brain continuing to elaborate impressions and sensations which have been perceived and experienced during our waking moments. We never dream of objects or events of which we have not previously conceived some idea. For instance, no European ever saw an American Indian in his dreams till after the discovery of the western hemisphere. In adopting this view, M. Maury is correct without being original. He enlarges upon it, however, and supplies many interesting illustrations of its truth.

Although we can frequently cause ourselves to dream of subjects which are pleasing to us, we are not always able to give ourselves this satisfaction. We are very much influenced in this respect by our physical condition. If we have supped heartily of indigestible or over-stimulating food; if we have a twinge of the gout or neuralgia; or if we have gone to bed in a fit of the "blues," our dreams are very certain to be of an unpleasant character. Yet even over these we are able to exercise some power; and if we cannot make them go on exactly as we wish, we can often, by the exercise of our wills, subject them to very material modification. Perhaps there is no more striking difference between sleep and stupor than that which is furnished by dreams and their accompanying phenomena. The individual who is suffering from the latter condition perhaps never dreams; if he does, he is at any rate incapable of recalling a single impression or idea which he may have experienced during his lethargy. His brain has been a perfect blank. When the cause of the stupor is removed, his thoughts invariably return to the point at which they were interrupted. The individual who has a fractured skull and a piece of bone pressing on his brain, takes up the subject which occupied his mind at the time of his injury as soon as the surgeon has lifted the compressed fragment to its proper place. The person who is chloroformed preparatory to a surgical operation asks, when he returns to his reason, "why the surgeon does not begin." But there is no such hiatus in the life of the sleeper. He knows that he has been alive during his slumber, and fully appreciates all the circumstances by which he is surrounded.

We have confined our remarks almost entirely to the immediate cause of sleep, without going into the discussion of the many other interesting subjects discussed by M. Maury, such as hallucinations, ecstasy, natural and artificial somnambulism, etc. We have done this in order, if possible, to dissipate a wide-

* "Le Sommeil et les Rèves Etudes psychologiques sur ces Phénomènes et les divers Etats qui s'y rattachant." Par. L. F. Alfred Maury. De l'Institute Paris. 1865. Pp. 484.

spread error—an error which, if it is rejected by physiologists, is still held by the popular mind to be a truth. There is still a great deal connected with sleep which we do not understand, both in its healthy and morbid relations; but we can only hope to elucidate all its phenomena by starting out in our inquiries from the right point. W. A. H.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"*Golden Leaves from the British and American Dramatic Poets.*" *Collected and Arranged by John W. S. Hows. New York: Bunce & Huntington.* 1865.

We confess that we look with unfriendly eyes upon so much tendency to mere book-making as the present abundance of volumes of selection betrays. It speaks a dearth of original impulse among our literary men which we do not like to see. Is it true that the reading public just now demands nothing but scrap-books? Or is there a conspiracy among publishers not to print anything else? Or have our men of letters plotted to turn compilers, or to do nothing? We shrink from fixing upon either theory, and turn pensively to examine the work in hand.

The editor of the volume is of opinion that "in the dramatic poetry of a country are embodied the highest efforts of its genius," which would be an admirable motive for acquainting readers with all dramatic poetry, if it were true. As regards English poetry in former days, that of Shakespeare undoubtedly holds the first place; but as far as concerns the development of English poetry in our own time, and especially in our country, the error of Mr. Hows is obvious. It is doubtful also whether Eschylus is greater or higher than Homer, and we suppose no one will dispute for Terence the supremacy of Virgil. Calderon is hardly superior to Cervantes, and Dante is immeasurably greater than Alfieri. Camoens, an epic poet, embodies the highest efforts of the genius of Portugal. In French, German, and Hindoo literature, however, as in English literature, dramatic poetry is unquestionably the finest and highest.

The quality of Mr. Hows's selection is, like the quality of his opinion concerning dramatic poetry, doubtful, and at best but of partial acceptability. The book had been better called "Leaves from the Tragic Poets," for very few of the fragments in it have been taken from comedy, while many of its leaves are only golden in the autumnal sense of being dry and sere. Its range, however, is ample, and from many of the elder dramatists there is quite as much in this volume as one need care to read. A large space is naturally and properly given to Shakespeare; but as even this space does not suffice to hold all the beauties of his plays, the reader, missing many favorite passages, will be apt to judge unfairly of the compiler's work. Yet upon the whole we must commend it; for though Mr. Hows does not surprise us with the discovery of those less familiar delights which the reader of Shakespeare constantly finds in his works, he has nevertheless fairly presented much of what the whole world has declared the best, and is scarcely to blame if he has not reprinted the plays entire.

With either of the elder poets he has dealt less fairly. To honest Ben Jonson, whose plays are among the best of his time, only ten pages are given; while twenty are devoted to extracts from those of Dryden, who scarcely needed such babbling witness to his badness as a dramatic poet. In like manner, Beaumont and Fletcher have but little more space allotted them than James Thompson receives later for the tragedies which hardly formed a part of the dramatic literature even of his own time. Perhaps, as the plays of Byron's day were all poor, there is excuse for selection from the five tragedies of that author, which are chiefly dramatic in the sense of not being meant for representation. But why not extract, then, from the mystical dramas of Shelley?

As the compiler draws near the poets of our own time, his work becomes even more open to exception. There is but one dramatic fragment given from Barry Cornwall, while the platitudes of that English Kotzebue, Knowles, are suffered to spread over fourteen pages. Of Robert Browning's existence as a writer of dramatic poetry we have no evidence at all in this book; and, in making selection from the American poets, the editor, while giving a prominence to the plays of Willis which they have not elsewher achieved, and presenting extracts from the dramas Epes Sargent, Mrs. Ritchie, and George H. Boker, seems to have wholly forgotten that Longfellow has written one of the most beautiful dramas of this time, or any other.

Occasional failure in a work of this kind is almost unavoidable; but the defects of Mr. Hows' collection were too noticeable for us to pass them without censure. Let us not deny it, however, the praise of being such a book as friends of dramatic poetry will like to have about them—which they will not, perhaps, read a great deal without wishing it perfecter, and will yet take pleasure in it as it is. Certainly, it is very well printed on the well-known thick paper, and tastefully bound in green covers.

"*Matrimonial Infelicities, with an Occasional Felicity by way of Contrast.*" *By Barry Gray. New York: Hurd & Houghton.* 1865.

Mr. Robert B. Coffin, of Fordham, New York, is the real name concealed under the pseudonym of "Barry Gray." The fictitious title was first assumed to cover pleasant, but sometimes personal paragraphs about art and the artists which appeared in daily and weekly papers. As Mr. Coffin had an extensive acquaintance among the painters, his items were often quite fresh and readable, so that "Barry Gray" was not an unwelcome name among the readers of metropolitan journals. But his performances in this line did not bring all the reward that a sprightly pen seemed entitled to, and hence more ambitious efforts, sometimes in verse and sometimes in prose. So far, he has done little deserving of critical notice, and was only recognized for just what his writings aspired to be—simple sketches of common and everyday life. These found a goodly circle of readers, being always cheery and genial, and clever with portraitures of scenes in the home experience of almost every one.

But "Barry Gray" in the corner of a story paper, and "Barry Gray" upon the shelves of a library, are quite different persons to deal with. He is now placing an importance upon his literary labors which it is quite proper for the public to dispute, and which cannot fail to awaken criticism. Pleasant nothings—pen-and-ink whittlings—are sometimes notable in a newspaper; but commonplaces are not for books in these days of vigorous thought and refined culture. Just such a mistake has Mr. Coffin made in his compilation bearing the clap-trap title of "Matrimonial Infelicities." There are two hundred and sixty-nine pages of very nice paper, between very respectable covers, and bearing the imprint of the "Riverside" press. The volume is trumpeted by a flaming dedication, whereby Mr. Coffin makes known his intimacy with artists, and anchors himself upon Mr. Gifford in a way which must be quite aggravating to that gentleman. Then follow four pages of "contents"—enough to introduce at least a dozen encyclopedia volumes. This is a suspicious sign at the outset. Uncertain writers take great pains with their "contents," which are often written before the book itself. The Infelicities enumerated by Mr. Coffin are twenty in number, and four Felicities are interspersed. Eight chapters follow, entitled "My Neighbors," and the balance of the book is devoted to "Down in the Valley," a medley of love, burlesque, pathos, and poetry. The whole is quite flat when read in bulk. It brings to mind compositions of school-day memory—no wiser and no stronger. The episodes mentioned might be inwrought in a story and awaken an interest, but doled out in catalogical order they are about as nourishing as a dinner of frosted cakes.

We do not doubt that many persons will enjoy this book, nor think to criticise it. There are passages of serious and tender feeling in "Down in the Valley;" pleasant verses are scattered through the volume; a vein of genial humor pervades "My Neighbors," and the very things which a critical eye may be offended at will doubtless be esteemed matters of interest to a certain class of common readers. But the book as a book is not worth printing. Married life has its ripples like all life, but it is no such inane humbug as this russet volume would lead us to believe. If a man and woman who have loved each other enough to be married are so foolish as to engage in petty disputes, it is certainly of no possible account to the outside world. And he who tries to catch the popular ear by lifting the curtain from private scenes, must submit to the verdict when called both common and unrefined. "Barry Gray" might possibly write a better work. But we are inclined to doubt whether he has the talent or power requisite for the production of a useful and successful book.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

A LATE English weekly, in the course of a notice of a couple of popular American novels, has something to say on the difference between the literatures of America and England, especially in the matter of fiction. "Any one," it says, "who enters a book-shop in New York or Philadelphia, and inquires for new works by American authors, will be shown a table on which are placed about a couple of dozen volumes, all having that peculiar look which an experienced book-hunter knows to signify 'trash,' as plainly as if the word was printed on the outside of the binding. The rest of the booksellers' shelves are filled with reprints of English works, in all sorts of shapes, and printed in every kind of style. There is scarcely a novel published in England which is not reprinted in the States directly it arrives. The quarterly reviews and two of the monthly magazines—*Blackwood* and *Fraser*—are reproduced from beginning to end, and sold at the rate of four dollars for a complete year's issue. The consequence of this plan of trusting wholly to English literature is that no encouragement is given to native writers. There are probably not six men in America who could obtain a fairly remunerative price for anything they wrote. The New York publisher will say, 'Why should I pay for an American novel, when I can get a much better one from England for nothing?' Thus no one has a greater interest than the native writer in getting the legislature to enact some stringent law of copyright, and it is much to be regretted that when Mr. Dickens was in America and tried to obtain such a law, he did not fall into the hands of those who could have accomplished his object for him. There are none of our writers so popular in the States as Mr. Dickens, and few of his American readers would not be rejoiced to see him receive some compensation for the pleasure he has been the means of affording them. At present his books are the property of any one who likes to print them, and not a sixpence reaches the pocket of the author. One of the most influential men in America, who is an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Dickens, has many times said, 'Could I have seen Mr. Dickens while he was here, I would have shown him how to accomplish his purpose. As it was, he let out too soon that he had come over solely to get a copyright law; this hurt the vanity of the people, and it was too late to do any good.' This, however, is no excuse for the condition of the book trade, and it certainly does not console the American author, who finds that unless he makes a present of his works to the publisher he cannot compete with his English brethren."

What is said above about the trashy character of American novels is just in the main, as their unfortunate readers ought to feel sensibly. It is not true, however, that there is scarcely a novel published in England which is not reprinted here directly it arrives (a vile phrase that "directly," yet it passes for good English in England), the fact being that not one in five is so reprinted. Hunting, as we do, week after week, through the columns of the English journals for fresh literary announcements, we pass over the names of a score of novelists apparently in good repute, none of whose works have ever been reprinted, or are ever likely to be. It is doubtful, indeed, whether there is paper and ink enough on this side of the water to enable us to reprint *all* the English novelists, even if our publishers were fools enough to attempt it, which they are not by a long odds, having quite enough to do at times to sell the few they do venture to republish. As for there being no encouragement given to our native writers, the statement is absurd. We encourage Mr. Longfellow to the tune of several thousands of dollars a year in copyright; also Mr. Bancroft, for his ornate histories; and Mr. Bayard Taylor for his travels and novels; and Mr. Donald G. Mitchell for his essays; and Mr. J. G. Holland, for his well-meant, but by no means brilliant, works in prose and verse. Mr. Charles F. Brown, the *alter ego* of "Artemus Ward," can sell an unwritten book about the Mormons for five thousand dollars, and could have sold it for half as much again had he waited a few days longer. The fact is we encourage native writers so much, and so many of them, that we encourage a good many we ought not to—men and women of no talent beyond the very ordinary one of writing wretched fictions, which are forced upon us as novels, and which our critics pronounce such, either

because they know no better, or because they have substantial reasons for so doing.

Mr. Dickens *has* something to complain of, as the writer observes, in the matter of copyright; yet even he, or his publisher, obtains in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars for the sheets of his serials. Mr. Thackeray obtained a fair sum for his advance copies, and so did Lord Macaulay and the rest of the great English writers. The lesser ones had—and have—to console themselves with the honor of being read by a nation of pirates. We blame our publishers for this open injustice to English authors, and still more for the secret dishonesty in which some of them indulge,—that of pretending to pay copyrights when they do nothing of the sort. It is one thing to knock a man down and rob him; it is another to pick his pocket under the pretense of putting something in it. The first misdemeanor shows pluck; the last the most despicable meanness. Enough, however, at present of the sins of American publishers and the sufferings of English authors.

FOREIGN.

The eighth number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a paper by Mr. Herman Merivale on the celebrated "Paston Letters," the authenticity of which he doubts, and, it would seem, for very good reasons. In the first place, the language in which they are written is suspiciously modern, abounding in words seldom or never used by the contemporaries of the supposed Paston family, who lived, it is pretended, in the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III. In the next place, the historical allusions which they contain—meager scraps at best—follow with almost slavish exactness the stories, the exaggerations even, of later chroniclers of the events of those times. When the "Letters" were first published, the originals were stated, in a newspaper paragraph, to have been presented to King George III., and deposited in his library; but no trace of them is known to exist. They are not in the British Museum, nor in any of the great public libraries of England, nor can antiquarians and scholars find them, in spite of their many searches. Further, the time of their publication was a suspicious one, being the very heyday of literary forgeries—the age of Chatterton, and Cleland, and Steevens, and Macpherson's "Ossian," which Mr. Alexander Smith believes in as devoutly as Napoleon Bonaparte himself.

The paper of Mr. Merivale is curious, if not convincing, and we commend it to the attention of American students of English history.

The difficulty in getting at the exact age of a lady, living or dead, is not so mythical as many would have us believe, as may be seen in the case of Mrs. Moore, the wife of the poet, who died recently at Slopperton. According to the obituary notices, she was only sixty-eight at the time of her death, which would make her only fourteen when she married Moore in 1811, the thirty-third year of his age! Another, and a graver, mistake (for so we are assured it is) is the repetition of the malignant assertion of John Wilson Croker, made by him almost before the poet was buried, that Mrs. Moore was a neglected wife—an assertion which naturally gave her great pain, and was resented, as it should have been, by Lord John Russell. The cause of this petty wrath on the part of Croker, who continued to sneer at the widow as "Lord John's interesting victim," was the mere fact of his not being mentioned, fifty years before, in the notes to Moore's translation to "Anacreon!" They seem to do things differently in England; but in this country an offence like Croker's would be rewarded by an immediate application of a stout cowhide, and, in some localities, by the insertion of a bowie-knife somewhere in the region of the bowels. How Moore himself felt towards his wife may be gathered from the following lyric, addressed to her in one of his seasons of trouble:

"I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smile had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wast, like them, untrue:
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No cloud can linger o'er me—
Thy smile turns them all to light!

"Thus when the lamp that lighted
The traveler, first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt:
But soon, his prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads;
And owns no light so cheering
As that light which heaven sheds!"

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, the editor of the new edition of "Lovelace" and other poetical reprints—a grandson, we believe, of *the* Hazlitt—has a grievance against the publishers of a novel entitled "Sophy Laurie," which he has lately published, as may be seen by the following note from him in the *Athenæum*:

"It would be a great mistake," he writes, "to suppose that I am the unassisted author of 'Sophy Laurie.' On the contrary, I have enjoyed the advantage of a most valuable corrector in the person of some gentleman in the confidence of the publishers, but not in mine, because unknown to me. I have the written authority of the publishers for saying that this unknown gentleman was appointed to oversee my work from a feeling which the publishers (John Maxwell & Co.) had that, if I was not carefully watched, I might, in common with other young beginners, compromise the honor and fair name of their house. The result has been that my original text has been altered here and there by the unknown gentleman, of whose judicious corrections I shall proceed to adduce one or two specimens. At page 67 of Volume II. we read, 'because those eyes, that nose, the *tout ensemble*, bring back—' The term *tout ensemble* is none of mine, but all the elegance of the unknown gentleman; I wrote (supposing that what the author writes is of any consequence) 'that nose, *everything*, brings back,' etc. At page 84 I cited a passage from an ancient classic which I remember to have seen cited once or twice before—*Facilis descensus Averni*. But 'Virgil,' adds the unknown gentleman, from an honest apprehension, no doubt, lest my readers should forget their Latin, in which he is so thoroughly up. Turn next to page 106. The passage, as it stands, is, 'His father's voice falls upon the hunchback's ear, like the sound of bells near at hand in the first sleep of the morning.' I wrote, 'the *distant* sound of bells,' etc.; but the unknown gentleman was not quite equal to the comprehension of what *distant* could mean, or how the sound of bells near at hand could be distant, and so decreed the suppression of the unlucky phrase. I could fill half a dozen columns with this subject; but one more instance, and I have done. At page 151 you may read, 'He has seen dirty weather, too, and laughs over the storms of the sea.' It is said of a man who dresses like a sailor, and affects to be a great authority on nautical topics. Now I wrote, for 'laughs over the storms of the sea,' '*chuckles* over *lumps* of the sea;' but lo! the unknown gentleman did not understand what was meant by *a lump of the sea*—and so, for fear of compromising his employers in the eyes of the English public, he altered the expression and wrote nonsense. W. CAREW HAZLITT."

A similar instance of tampering with manuscript occurs to the present writer in connection with a paper which he once wrote for, "a poor but pious" periodical, in which he used the colloquial phrase "love-making," which was probably considered a little too strong by the nice-minded editor, who changed it to "the responses of cordial affection."

PERSONAL.

AMERICAN.

Mr. George Alfred Townsend, the whilom correspondent of the *World*, proposes to make a lecturing tour during the fall and winter through New England and the West. The subjects which he intends to discuss may be gathered from the title of his lectures, "Our Special Correspondent in Europe," a sort of prose romance, and "Three War Christmases," the last named being in verse.

Mr. B. S. Osbon is preparing for publication the diary which he kept during his six months' confinement in the Old Capitol prison at Washington, and the New York county jail. The work will be illustrated with sketches made by the author. Mr. Osbon, it will be remembered, was arrested on a charge of furnishing the press with contraband information concerning the expedition against Fort Fisher, but was acquitted after a long trial by court-martial.

Mr. Richard Grant White is characterized by the *Athenæum, apropos* to his recent "Life of Shakespeare," as "a new, a well prepared, and an unprofitable investigator of the common facts. Mr. White adds nothing to our scanty knowledge, and he overlooks some of the little that was previously made known. But his volume is thoughtful, and in places pleasant; and it will give to the American reader, for whose improvement it is written, a good idea of the country in which Shakespeare lived and died."

The insinuation that the American reader is not likely to know as much about Shakespeare as the English reader, is refreshingly impudent, even for the *Athenæum*. "We do not care to follow Mr. White," it says, "into the commonplaces of his volume. As a rule he believes in the old stories; even in Davenant's absurd tale of the thousand pounds, and in Gifford's apparent invention of the Mermaid Club. Prove to us, Mr. White, that Raleigh founded the Mermaid Club, that the wits attended it under his presidency, and you will have made a real contribution to our knowledge of Shakespeare's time, even if you fail to show that our poet was a member of that club."

The author of "Mary Brandegee," the young lady who some years since claimed the authorship of Mr. William Allen Butler's "Nothing to Wear," receives "a first-rate notice" in the last number of the *Spectator*. "If 'Mary Brandegee,'" it says, "could be assumed to give a fair representation of social life in America, we should be apt to judge that our friends across the Atlantic had pursued money-getting to the neglect of other virtues which are thought to be essential in the older civilizations of Europe. The mode of life described in this story is in truth coarse and repulsive to the last degree, and it is a suggestive circumstance that the author appears to have had no suspicion of this fact. He, or she, writes as though a faithful account of everyday existence was being given to persons who would be able to decide upon its merits at once. We cannot, however, suppose that in America it is the custom for young ladies to make appointments with strange gentlemen who follow them in the streets, and to receive the protestations of love of these interesting strangers a few days after making their acquaintance. This is the mode of action on the part of the young ladies to whom the author of 'Mary Brandegee' gives us the advantage of an introduction. In one instance two girls drive out in pursuit of two gentlemen, and follow them for some miles, and one of them afterwards takes a ride with her favorite cavalier (an entire stranger to her, though a cousin) until near midnight."

"We may very safely decline to believe," the critic concludes, "that the author does justice either to the manners or the morals of his countrywomen."

Literature and philosophy have both sustained a loss by the death of Dr. Francis Wayland, who died at his residence in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 30th of September, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He was born in the city of New York, on the 11th of March, 1796, the son of a Baptist minister of solid qualities of mind, and a pure character. The family removing to Poughkeepsie a few years after his birth, young Francis Wayland was prepared for college at the academy of that place. Entering the sophomore class in Union College in 1811, he graduated in 1813, after which he studied medicine for three years in Troy. Deeming it his duty, however, at the end of that time to devote himself to the ministry, he repaired to Andover Theological Seminary, where he remained a year, under the instructions of Prof. Moses Stuart. He then accepted the post of tutor in Union College, which he held for four years, giving instruction in several departments. Among his pupils at this time was the late Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania, and our present Secretary of State. Receiving a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church, Boston, he was ordained in the summer of 1821, and entered upon the discharge of his sacred duties, which he fulfilled for five years, when he was elected to the professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy at Union College. Shortly afterwards, he was chosen president of Brown University—a position which he filled till the summer of 1855, devoting to it nearly thirty of the best years of his life. Two years later the First Baptist church and society of Providence invited him to supply its pulpit. A year's earnest preaching convinced him that he was no longer a young man, so he resigned his charge in shattered health. The cause of his death was paralysis, brought about, probably, by over-activity of the mind during the past summer. His latest labor was the revision of his "Moral Philosophy," for which he had recently written two or three new chapters.

The rank held by Dr. Wayland among the learned men of our country and time, and the character and value of his various philosophical and theological works, we leave to the consideration of abler pens, contenting ourselves here with this brief mention of the principal events in his life.

FOREIGN.

Mr. John Henry Parker, F.S.A., etc., will soon publish "The Early Christian and Medieval Antiquities of Rome."

The Rev. Samuel Lysons has a work in the press serving to elucidate the traditional history of the early Britons. Its title is "Our British Ancestors: Who and What were They?"

Mr. Alexander Smith seems of late to have become the mark of the English critics, who "damn with faint praise" nearly everything that he writes, probably to revenge themselves for making a mistake in overrating him at first. Speaking of his last book, 'A Summer in Skye," one of them says:

"No one doubts, or ever has doubted, that smoldering under all the verbiage with which he overlaid it, there was in Mr. Smith a spark of the true fire, the consciousness of which has at present only acted as a disturbing force, causing him, in his somewhat volcanic writing, to scatter showers of ashes but feebly heated by the tiny hidden flame. The efforts of genius at this stage of growth are ephemeral as the insect which perishes at a touch, but the light on whose wing comes from a source which is eternal. Mr. Smith seems at last to have awakened to the fact that the truer the poet, the deeper the sympathy, not with wild nature alone, and all the fitful rhapsodies of doubt and despair, or the unattainable hights of ideal

beauty, but with men living, working, struggling around him; and, if all at once, he cannot see poetry in the Cowgate, or the music of some minor chord in the heroism which endures and does not rave, yet he will try to find it in the untutored, half-civilized children of nature in the rugged villages of Skye. So we have before us two volumes of his own very recent experiences in that island. He possesses to the full the knowledge of which Jean Paul Richter makes such account, '*Ich bin ein Ich*,' and, with an internal consciousness that the excursion has widened his own mental view, feels that consequently its incidents cannot be without interest to the reader. Nor are they, looked at as a phase of the development of a genius which will yet perhaps create something worthy of a more permanent place in literature. But we fear the reader who has no such benevolent motive, who comes to these volumes merely to be amused or instructed, will find them rather heavy reading. There are pearls scattered here and there; but then they are small, and there is so much oyster—'for want of matter he has thought too much of language.'"

Mr. Gerald Massey, who is rather remarkable for the hardships of his early life than the excellence of his poetry, which, for the most part, is a seething mass of gorgeous verbiage, is about to enlighten us on a problem involved in Shakespeare's sonnets, concerning which he has a new theory, the first hints of which appeared in the "Quarterly Review" for April, 1864. The greater portion of the sonnets, he believes, personal or dramatic, was written for the Earl of Southampton, the rest for William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, who, by the way, was poet enough to have written them himself, if the poems published as his by the son of the poet Donne were really from his pen. How Mr. Massey disposes of the mistress shadowed forth in these sonnets we are not told; but she vanishes, we are assured, into thin air. The title of his work is, "Shakespeare's Sonnets never before Interpreted; with a Retouched Portrait of the man Shakespeare."

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, of proverbial philosophy memory, was to have a play produced at the Haymarket Theater at the last accounts. Its title was "Alfred," the hero being, we presume, the monarch-sage of England. Report says it is not a new production, but one of Mr. Tupper's failures of five or six years ago, at which time it was brought out at Manchester without success.

M. Place, formerly French consul at Mossoul, is engaged upon a magnificent work relating to the excavations and researches on the site of ancient Nineveh, an antiquarian labor to which he devoted five years. It will be extensively illustrated.

The report that Mr. Thomas Carlyle—who, in the words of the paragraphists, is said to hold that Washington stands too high—contemplates lowering his pedestal, is contradicted on the best authority, which assures us that he has no intention of laying violent hands on our *Pater Patriæ*, or, in other words, of writing his biography. We are thankful to Mr. Carlyle for even this slight token of his consideration.

The house of W. & R. Chambers, to whom the world of English readers is so largely indebted for good books, is about to publish "Readings in English Prose."

M. Rogeard, the author of that stinging satire on Napoleon III., "Propos de Labienus," has just been expelled from Belgium, whither he fled, or his friends carried him, after its publication, for having written a second offensive work, "Pauvre France," which the Belgian authorities considered "insulting both to the government which sheltered him and to a neighbouring friendly nation." In his preface he attacks monarchies in general, and that of France in particular, as being upheld by "the seven scourges of modern society—a standing army, a paid clergy, irremovable magistrates, centralized administration, police, prostitution, and organized pauperism." At the last accounts M. Rogeard was in Germany.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

AMERICAN.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS announce "Initia Græca," by William Smith, LL.D; "The Brothers," by Anna H. Drury; Greenwood's "Wild Sports of the World" and "Curiosities of Savage Life;" "Kestrels and Falcons," by the author of "Guy Livingstone;" "Agnes," by Mrs. Olyphant; "The Lost Manuscript," by Freytag; Thornbury's "Tales for the Marines;" "Charity Helstone;" and "The Bucklyn Shaig."

Mr. G. W. Carleton has in the press "The Mother," the first installment of M. Eugene Pelletan's work, "The Family;" "Beginning Life," by Professor Tulloch; and an illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe."

Mr. S. T. Gordon will soon publish a "New Musical Dictionary of Fifteen Thousand Technical Words, Phrases, Abbreviations, Initials, and Signs employed in Musical and Rhythmical Art and Science, in nearly Fifty Ancient and Modern Languages," by John S. Adams, author of "Five Thousand Musical Terms."

Messrs. Bunce & Huntington have in preparation "The Late Poets of England," edited by R. H. Stoddard; and "The Festival of Song," a splendid quarto, edited by the author of "Salad for the Solitary," etc., and illustrated by all the leading American artists.

Messrs. Blelock & Co. have nearly ready "De Vane: a Story of Plebeians and Patricians," by the Hon. W. C. Hilliard, late M.C. for Alabama.

Messrs. Robert Carter & Brothers announce "Wanderings over Bible Lands and Seas," by the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family."

Messrs. Roberts Brothers will soon publish "The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque, illustrated with Original Designs by Alfred Crowquill;" "The Privatecrsman: Adventures by Sea and Land in Civil and Savage Life One Hundred Years Ago," by Captain Marryatt, R.N.; and an illustrated edition of Miss Jean Ingelow's charming poem, "Songs of Seven."

Messrs. Graves & Young announce "The Young Man's Friend: New Series," by the Rev. D. C. Eddy, D.D.; "Horace Welford, and other Stories," by Alice Warren; and "Stopping the Leak," by Aunt Hattie.

Mr. James Claxton, of Philadelphia, has in preparation "Howard Ashley; or, the Youthful Soldier of the Cross," by Miss C. M. Trowbridge; "New York Ned" and "Marion through the Brush," by the author of "Blind Annie Lorimer;" "Witless Willie, the Idiot Boy," by the author of "Joseph the Jew;" "Take, but Earn," by the author of "Clifton Rice;" "The Young Wrecker of the Florida Reef;" "The Pastor's Widow," by the author of "The Pastor's Son;" and "Raphael, the Blind Boy," translated from the German.

Mr. Henry C. Lea will soon publish "The Principles and Practice of Medicine, for the Use of Practitioners and Students," by Austin Flint, M.D.; "Forbes Winslow on Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind," second American from the third and revised English edition; and "Pereira's Materia Medica and Therapeutics," abridged by F. J. Farre, M.D., assisted by R. Bentley and R. Warrington.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson Brothers have in the press "The Lover's Trial; or, The Days before the Revolution," by Mrs. Mary A. Dennison.

FOREIGN.

Mr. Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, author of "Uncle Silas," "Wylder's Hand," etc., has a new novel in the press entitled "Guy Deverell."

Robert Lee, M.D., F.R.S., will shortly publish a "History of the Discoveries of the Circulation of the Blood, of the Ganglia and the Nerves, and of the action of the Heart."

Mr. John Earle has lately edited "Two of the Saxon Chronicles, Parallel; with Supplementary Extracts from the others."

Mr. E. H. Plumtre, professor of divinity, King's College, has nearly ready a new translation of "The Tragedies of Sophocles."

Mr. John De Liefde will soon publish a couple of volumes entitled "Six Months among the Charities of Europe."

Mr. F. Healey has nearly ready a volume of "Chess Problems, being a selection of Two Hundred of his best Positions, with the Solutions."

Miss Ada Cambridge, author of "Hymns of the Liturgy," has in preparation "Hymns of the Holy Communion," a small quarto, with an illustrated frontispiece by John Leighton, F.S.A., and a preface by Rev. H. H. Baynes, editor of the "Lyra Anglicana."

Mr. David Masson has in preparation, for "The Golden Treasury" series, "The Poetical Works of John Milton; with Critical and Explanatory Notes."

Mrs. S. C. Hall is about to publish "Ronald's Reason; or, The Little Cripple: a Book for Boys."

Count Waldessee is now publishing an important military work, "The War in Denmark in 1864."

Mr. Sutherland Edwards, the correspondent of the *Times* in Poland, is about to publish a work on the "Polish Insurrection."

MUSIC.

MUSICAL NOTES.

MR. GRAU, the operatic manager, has by this time sailed from Southampton on his way to this port, with a large importation of singers for the Chicago and Havana markets. The prima donnas are Guidi, Buschetti, and Gazzaniga; the altos, Pollini and Olgini; the tenors, Musiani and Anastosi; the basses, Pollini, Milleri, and Sarti; the baritone, Storti. Only a few of these names are familiar to our public. Mr. Grau has also engaged the prima donna Murio-Celli, the tenors Tamaro and Lotti, and the baritone Fellini, all of whom are now on this side of th Atlantic.

PATTISON, the pianist, has returned from the western part of the state with a wife.

HENRY APPY, the New York violinist, has been giving concerts in the western part of this state. At Rochester he was specially successful, and at Syracuse he was made doubly 'Appy by taking unto himself a wife.

HARRISON, the tenor singer, so long associated with Louisa Pyne, has been dangerously ill with the brain fever.

MADAME PALMIERI, an English lady, is becoming one of the leading prima donnas of Italy.

A NEW OPERA called "Rebecca," music by Pisani, is to be produced at Milan.

AT Brussels a grand musical festival took place on the 26th ultimo. Six hundred vocalists and one hundred and fifty instrumentalists took part.

ANOTHER singer known to the American public, Signor Bignardi, is to sing at La Scala this winter.

RONCONI is announced to sing at Milan, his native city, for the first time for twenty-two years. He last appeared there in 1845, in Verdi's "Nabuco," which was written for him. He is engaged at the Carcano theater.

"L'AFRICAINE" is announced for November in Brussels, and for October in Stuttgardt.

THE band at the recent choir festival at Gloucester consisted of twenty-six violins, eight tenors, eight violoncellos, seven double bases, two flutes, two oboes, two clarionets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, two trombones, drum, side drum, and harp—little short seventy instruments.

CARLOTTI PATTI is singing at Alfred Mellon's concerts at the Covent Garden theater, London.

WILLIE PAPE has published a number of new compositions, to which he directs the attention of pianists.

ASCHER, the pianist, so well known here by his pianoforte compositions, has been playing at Boulogne.

OLE BULL has received from the Duke of Nassau the cross of the Nassau Order of Merit, whatever that may be. It is rumored that the Swedish violinist will soon revisit this country.

GOUNOD is about to write a new comic opera for the Theatre Lyrique, Paris. The libretto will be written by Legouvé.

THE latest story about the crazy tenor, Giuglini, is as follows: An Italian gentleman whom he had known at Milan came to see him at the house of the doctor who has the care of him. Giuglini was sitting upon a couch, in a dressing-gown, with a portion of "Faust" in his hands. When they entered, the great singer rose to meet them, grasped them by the hand, and spoke for twenty minutes about London, Paris, Naples, and Milan. During the conversation he expressed himself with clearness and good sense, and nobody would have thought the unhappy man was mad. No sooner, however, did one of the Italians pronounce the words "St. Petersburg," than his eyes began to glitter and stare, and he said in a strange tone to his old friends, "Will you go to the opera to-night? I will find you seats." The Italians humored him, and said "Yes," whereupon he gave them each a chair, and went out of the apartment. By-and-by he returned in the costume of *Gennaro*, and sang in his own sweet manner the romance, "Anch' io provai le tenere." Then he went on all alone to give the last scene; his chest heaved, his face was lit up with pleasure; his voice, plaintive with sighs, struck pity to the mind as he sang, with extraordinary tenderness, the words:

"Madre, se ognor lontano
Vissi dal materno seno
A lui m'unisca Iddio."

After that he stood up to his full hight for a moment, his arms grew rigid, and he fell flat, like a man struck by lightning. Physicians were called, and it was a long time before he rallied.

CHOIR-BOYS, it appears, attracted attention as long ago as 1613. A passage in a curious journal by a Duke of Wirtemberg of his travels in England over two hundred years ago runs thus:

"The music [of Windsor chapel], especially the organ, was exquisitely played; for at times you could hear the sound of cornets, flutes, then fifes and other instruments; and there was likewise a little boy who sang so sweetly amongst it all, and threw such a charm over the music with his little tongue, that it was really wonderful to listen to him."

MISS CORDIER, the original *Dinorah* in this country, is to open La Scala, Milan, this winter in *Martha*. Cordier is announced as "an American prima donna." It is said that "La Scala" is in a filthy state, not having been cleaned for twenty years.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

New York, Saturday, October 14, 1865.

THE ANGLO-SAXON AND THE NEGRO.

THE result of the recent election in Connecticut has taken the country by surprise, and is still the topic of conversation in political circles. There is no doubt at all but that the political traditions, professions, and even the religious convictions of the American people incline it to grant to the colored race the same political rights which it demands for itself. The argument in favor of negro suffrage is perfect. If the words of the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal," be true; if the teachings of the christian religion be true, that all men are on an equality in the eye of God, then the conclusion is irresistible that it is a positive wrong to withhold the slightest political and social privilege from any man, be he white or colored, who is possessed of a sound mind and whose moral character is without reproach. Yet the anomalous fact meets us at every turn, that practically we do not acknowledge political, and still less social, equality with any race but the white. When the anti-slavery feeling at the North was the most intense—just previous to the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860—New York and Illinois were called upon to vote upon the question of allowing negroes to vote, and although both subsequently gave large majorities for Mr. Lincoln, they also gave overwhelming majorities against universal suffrage. True, in several of the New England states, the right of voting is granted to the colored people, but this may be explained by the peculiar attitude assumed by that section towards the rest of the Union. Despite this, however, it is a matter of grave doubt whether, if the vote of all the New England states were polled to-morrow, it would not return the same verdict on the question of extending the elective franchise so as to include the negroes.

How are we to account for this difference between profession and practice? Why is it that the American people, the structure of whose government and the character of whose religion recognize the equality of all men before the law and in the sight of heaven, puts in practice just the reverse of what it professes theoretically? The explanation is to be found in the fact that we get our blood from Great Britain, and our notions of liberty and equality from France. The English race, to which we belong, while it has fought a long and sturdy fight for individual liberty and the inviolability of home and person, has never tolerated the doctrine of social equality, nor admitted practically or theoretically the idea of the brotherhood of mankind. The insular position and the peculiar education of the people have imbued it and its descendants with a pride of race such as is found in no other people on the globe. It is, indeed, a marked peculiarity of the Anglo-Saxon, that wherever he plants his foot the native races with which he comes in contact are either destroyed or enslaved. He very seldom amalgamates with an inferior, and, when he does, he regards his offspring as belonging not to the superior but to the inferior race. The Anglo-Saxon never compromises in this matter. He enslaves or exterminates. Witness the fate of the Indian on this continent, of the aborigines of Australia, of the Kaffirs of South Africa. See how the English this very day are butchering by the wholesale the savages in New Zealand—a race possessing finer qualities than any representative of barbarism yet discovered. India may seem an exception to this rule; but it is to be noted that the great East India Company, who conquered it and governed it for two hundred years, never permitted a native Englishman to hold land in the colony. Its policy was to prohibit English colonists in India, and hence that country has escaped the wars which arise from the passion of the Anglo-Saxon race for the possession of land, to gratify which it will deliberately exterminate the original inhabitants.

Mark how differently the Latin races, the French and Spanish, act in their dealings with an inferior race. The Frenchman, with no idea of personal liberty as the Englishman understands it, believes in liberty and equality for all men. The Roman Catholic religion teaches the same doctrine to the Spaniard. And neither Frenchman nor Spaniard has any regard for the purity of his blood. Wherever they have colonized, they have mixed readily with the natives, and treated the offspring of their union with negro or Indian as their own children—entitled by birth to the same rights as themselves. What is the result? They have degraded their own descendants without elevating the aborigines with whom they have amalgamated. Look at Central and South America and Mexico to-day, and observe the degradation which has resulted from a practical application of the doctrine of human brotherhood and the equality of all human kind. On the other hand, the invincible pride and intolerant spirit of the Anglo-Saxon, unchristian though it may be, has, under God, built up some of the most powerful nations which the world has ever seen.

As we have said, the American with the blood of the Anglo-Saxon in his veins, has, in common with the Englishman, an inborn pride of race which never can be eradicated. But his system of government and his political ideas are of a mixed origin. The former is, in many respects, similar to that of Great Britain; but the latter are derived directly from the French encyclopedists. Their influence upon the founders of our government, seen most conspicuously in the case of Mr. Jefferson, is very marked, but only so far as relates to the declaration of general principles. The practical talent of our fathers for administration and capacity for self-government which they got from England enabled them to crystallize into political institutions the generalities of French thought. We have tried to realize on this continent the dreams of French theorists united with the notions of practicality which so distinguish Englishmen from every other people. Hence the incongruity of our theories of government with the practice of it. That we have not been able to carry out these theories is shown by the terrible experience of the last few years. Neither wholly English nor wholly French, but partaking of the peculiarities of each, our national character is, in fact, anomalous. What is due to the infusion of Irish and German blood, and the influence of climate upon our people, it is not our present purpose to inquire, though each has borne a part in forming the character of the nation. The influence of the Puritans, also, who taught the same lesson of equality in religion as the French philosophers in politics, has impelled us to follow out theories of government rather than defer to the teachings of experience which so marks the English and their system of government.

The conflict between our abstract conceptions of human rights, as enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, and the practical idea of government, is now waging in this country. The immediate cause is the disposition of the negro race. Thus far our treatment of the negro has been cruel. He has done us no harm. He is patient, gentle, affectionate, not given to vice nor revengeful. Yet he has been made a slave at the South, and maligned and outraged at the North. The riots in this city a few years since were the expression of the malignant passions which animate the lowest class of our white population against an inferior and unoffending race. We seem determined not to do the colored man justice. If ever there was a time when the American people should look with favor upon him, it is now. His conduct during the war was unexceptionable. He attempted no insurrection, though urged to such action in more ways than one, and, so far as lay in his power, aided the national cause. Yet, in return for the good that he has done and the evil that he abstained from doing, a New England state renders a verdict against giving him political equality with the whites. One can judge from this of the negro's prospects for gaining social equality. Whether either will ever be granted him throughout the country is the question upon which all our politics now turn. The influence of French teachings inclines us to admit the negro to all the rights and privileges which we possess ourselves; but the Anglo-Saxon element in our national character forbids it. The English, though firm for individual rights, never have admitted the idea of civil or social equality. They recognize and enforce social distinctions, and take pride in so doing. We admit no such distinctions as existing among representatives of the same race; but the old Anglo-Saxon blood in us impels us to make distinctions between races, despite our pronounced theories to the contrary. Whether we will yield to our innate proclivities, or follow out our theories to their legitimate conclusion, is the question now pressing upon the nation for decision. Connecticut has decided against the theories. Will or will not the nation do the same?

THE BILLIARD MANIA.

CARME has beaten Kavanagh. This simple announcement in the city papers one morning last week aroused more interest in the mind of many a young man than all the other items of news, whether from Washington, New Orleans, San Francisco, Paris, or London. There is no more exquisite foolery of our day than the mania for playing billiards which has developed itself in this country within the last five or six years. In fact, the United States can boast of a greater quantity of well-made billiard-tables, and a larger number of silly young men who waste valuable time over them, than any other nation. None of the pleas that can be made for other games will suffice for this. It is not social like cards, which can be made available for the entertainment of the home-circle; nor is it like chess, which involves the exercise of the reasoning faculties alone; nor like ten-pins or gymnastics, which tend to develop the muscles of the body. It is simply playing marbles with a stick, and not only involves a waste of time and money, but is positively childish. By means of skillful advertising and the adroit manipulation of the press this game promises to become naturalized in this country to a greater extent than in any other, France not excepted. And in the name of all that is manly and all that is ennobling, we most earnestly protest against the devotion which is now paid to billiards in this and other cities of the Union. Not that there is anything wrong in the amusement itself, but the associations which are inseparable from the practice of it in public, and the fascination which it exercises upon the minds of its devotees, alike deserve stern reprobation. We defy any one to enter a billiard saloon without being impressed by the vacuity and silliness which mark the countenances of the young men who spend their evenings there. The peculiarity of the game is that it calls into exercise none of the reasoning faculties. The talent it requires is purely mechanical; all that is needed is a judgment of distances, weights, and the force of blows. Nor does it appeal to the sentiments, still less to any of the higher qualities of manhood. It draws young men away from the home-circle, and slowly but surely uproots those attachments which have proved the salvation of many a person when pressed by temptation.

It is a singular fact that the men in this country who are eminent as billiard players, and whom our fashionable young men try to imitate so closely, were originally, almost without exception, poor Irish boys, and it was by the merest accident that they fell into their present occupation instead of becoming hod-carriers or common day-laborers. And we think it a misfortune that Messrs. Phelan, Kavanagh, Deery, Tieman, Fox, and other noted billiard-players whose names will readily occur to the reader, did not become hod-carriers or tinkers, or adopt some other equally useful and honorable means of support. Nearly every man of them was once a poor Irish boy. Some of them set up pins in bowling-alleys; others performed menial offices in bar-rooms. These poor fellows, by playing with cues and balls when the billiard-tables were not taken by customers, acquired a dexterity in the game, and, in course of time, were recognized as experts. The talent required was of the same kind as is employed in steadying a hod on the shoulder or i-

riveting a boiler. Had intellect been demanded, they would probably never have attained notoriety; but manual dexterity, involving the use of the arms and eyes, they could acquire in common with some of the higher species of animals.

Those who have frequented great billiard-matches must have observed the peculiar countenances of the so-called champions. The high cheek-bones, the stolid features, the low-bred look and air, betray themselves in spite of the fine clothes that, thanks to the folly of the public, these men are able to wear.

"You may daub and bedizen the man as you will,
But the stamp of the vulgar remains on him still."

It is noticeable, too, that, with hardly an exception, all the eminent billiard-players are Irish, with now and then a stray French adventurer. Of course, it cannot be denied that some of these men have evinced some business cleverness. Indeed, the championship matches that are played throughout the country are gotten up almost exclusively for the benefit of one particular firm of billiard-table makers. So openly is this done, and to such an extent is it carried, that one of the members of this firm always represents one or other of the contestants, and the stipulation is always inserted in the articles of agreement drawn beforehand that the game should be played on a table of his manufacture.

It is quite time that our young men were read a lesson on this matter of playing billiards. We are sure that no person with a good home to which he feels attached can spend night after night in a billiard-saloon without feeling that he has thrown just so much time away, and outraged the better feelings of his nature. It is time that public opinion be brought to bear on this pernicious practice. It is probably no harm for those who can afford the luxury of a billiard-table in their own house to provide one for the amusement of their boys and girls, for the game of itself is no more injurious than croquet, though not half so beneficial physically; but it should be regarded as positively disgraceful for a full-grown man, with a beard on his face, to be spending his time and money upon what is in reality little more than an elaboration of the boyish game of marbles. Public opinion must reach the point in relation to this matter that it has in regard to card-playing. No man can engage in the latter in public without running the risk of being taken for a gambler. And so a person who displays in public an extraordinary skill in playing billiards should be open to the suspicion of having been originally a setter-up of ten-pins in a bowling-alley, or a marker in some popular billiard saloon.

GENERAL BANKS FOR CONGRESS.

THE announcement that General Nathaniel P. Banks is a candidate for nomination as representative in Congress from a district in Massachusetts, has raised a question that it is quite time that the American people settled differently than it has heretofore. It seems that the chief objection to General Banks—urged, too, by so able and influential a paper as the Boston *Advertiser*—is that, having been away from his native state for some five years, and part of that time in the service of the country, he is unfitted to properly discharge the duties of a representative of that state in Congress. With this objection we take distinct issue. One of the gravest mistakes of our system of politics in this country is that the members of the House of Representatives are invariably chosen from the immediate district which they represent. This rule, which has become such by mere custom, and is without warrant of law, has done more to degrade the character of the popular branch of the national legislature than aught else besides. If it were the custom for the nominating conventions of each district to call upon the ablest men in the state at large to be their candidate in an election, it would add immensely to the weight, dignity, talent, character, and influence of the House of Representatives. Men like Horace Greeley, Charles O'Conor, William Lloyd Garrison, John Van Buren, and other well-known leaders of public opinion, are kept out of Congress simply because of the impossibility of their satisfying the wire-pullers in the district in which they reside. The English practice in this respect is much better than ours—hence the House of Commons far more truly represents the talent of Great Britain than does our House of Representatives that of the United States. Men like John Stuart Mill, Thomas Hughes, Mr. Gladstone, and others of similar standing, could never have been elected to office in this country by the popular vote. Now, why not change the rule which obtains here? Why should not a congressional convention in Buffalo, for instance, nominate for its candidate some distinguished gentleman in this city, and *vice versa?* There is nothing to prohibit such action, and everything to favor it. The war has done much to break down the imaginary walls which divide the states from each other; and why should petty localities, with all their feelings of selfishness and jealousy, dictate to the electors residing therein for whom they shall vote as representatives in Congress? And surely the point is not well taken against General Banks that he has been from home in the service of his country. If, in Massachusetts, the preference is to be accorded to the man who stays at home over one who goes abroad for the honor of the state, then pigmies instead of giants will represent the old commonwealth.

We do not speak thus in advocacy of General Banks. We think it extremely unfortunate that, in view of his military record, he should have submitted to the people his claims for political honors. No doubt this is very natural on his part. But Ball's Bluff, Cedar Mountain, the hurried retreat before "Stonewall" Jackson, the Port Hudson and Red River affairs, should have suggested to this man that a private station would become him far more than the publicity of congressional life. The conviction, which he cannot but share with all his countrymen, that under his command men were uselessly and wantonly slaughtered, and enterprises of great moment in his charge came to nought, should teach General Nathaniel P. Banks that his career as a public man in this country is ended. He belongs to that class of loyal soldiers who, almost without exception both in the North and South, utterly failed as military leaders. The only future before them is political obscurity. If they have any respect for themselves, any regard for the feelings of those whose confidence they have betrayed—though with the firmest intentions to the contrary—they will strive to win as private citizens the standing which as public men they have forfeited by incapacity. General Banks is not the only one of this class, yet, by reason of his prominence at the outbreak of the war, he was the most prominent. Having risen higher than his compeers, he had further to fall. For the present, at least, the surest way for him to satisfy his ambition is to abstain from every effort to gratify it, certainly until no remembrance remains in the popular mind of his sorry failure as a general.

A DIET OF HUSKS.

IF Charles Dickens should write as freely of our country to-day as he once did in a volume of "Notes," he would hardly fail to let his quizzing glass fall plump upon that development of modern and American genius known as the popular lecturer. Not that Dickens, and Thackeray, and unnumbered other English wits and writers have committed no oratorical sins of their own, for there is a British ear for public reading and speaking as distinctive as the American. But there is no type personage in other lands like the full-winded oracular declaimer of our lyceums and literary associations. He is in and of himself a natural and national outgrowth of a great deal of liberty, enthusiasm, and self-confidence, and so is the true Brother Jonathan. That the species should have outlived a decade of years is truly remarkable. That the people should have any desire for his vacuities at this stage of intellectual progress is even wonderful. Yet there are not only evidences of his vitality, but also of the admiration of the uneducated masses for his unmitigated splurges.

Of course the popular lecturers will dissent from any attempt to weaken their pet system. But it may be well to inquire who are these men whose brains are of so much value in the winter months, and so easily dispensed with at other times. Who and what are these profound philosophers who relieve themselves of such tomes of wit and wisdom? Let us see. Wm. A. Bartlett, who represents the undignified pulpit is a shining light with the lyceum committees. George W. Bungay, of no possible account, belongs to the circle. Dr. Dio Lewis, whose specialty is gymnastics, and David Wasson, whose forte consists in writing highfalutin, are members. Theodore Tilton is on the list. Horace Greeley, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips are ready for one more martyrdom. Edmund Kirke Gilmore might possibly be induced to squeeze out another dose from his pretty attenuated stock of ideas. Or, going higher, Dr. Chapin and Mr. Beecher are in the field for a new campaign, after having tramped the country for years. Bayard Taylor, too, is not above the money temptation, and can give prose or poetry at call, and all of about the same quality. Miss Anne Dickinson has not become deaf to the jingling of the guinea, and is in the market. Grace Greenwood Lippincott is armed for a fresh pilgrimage among the hungry committees. George W. Curtis and A. L. Stone continue to delight and fascinate before hundred-dollar audiences. John B. Gough will intoxicate crowded houses on very light draughts, and at very nice prices. E. P. Whipple, Dr. O. W. Holmes, and Rev. Henry M. Dexter will spread abroad scintillations from the Bostonian axis, as for the last ten years. George Francis Train, the Count Joannes, and Stephen Massett are panting for lyceum glory and lyceum ingots. George Alfred Townsend will enlighten any respectable population for cash prices, and Fred. Douglass will arouse, thrill, and captivate on satisfactory terms. And there are doubtless many more lights which are known to name and fame in the rural districts, but whose glory has not penetrated to the metropolis. Some are probably very distinguished, and heroic to themselves if to no others. But we can enumerate no more at present. Our summary contains the most notorious specimens of the wonderful genus, and will serve to show what class of men hawk their brains about from town to town.

It is often the case that a lecture association in a country town pays to lecturers during the winter enough money to procure a handsome and valuable library. And we suspect that if the lecture-going people of any city or village should measure the amount of really useful knowledge dispensed in a course of the most popular lectures, they would find that they have had almost nothing at all, but verily a diet of husks. Old ideas are revamped. Old discourses are burnished up for new. The very cheapest and most useless literary work is palmed off in return for an exorbitant fee. In fact it is oratorical quackery, and an imposition upon the public. The two hours expended upon such unprofitable displays are not to be compared with two hours spent with a studied volume. The people would soon give them the go-by if they understood how wishy-washy, stale, and unprofitable is the matter doled out, with jokes and gyrations, by these avaricious Solons.

Very great is the mistake of any one who supposes that oratory is all dead, and that we have no speakers left but the worn-out lyceum spouters. These go up and down through the land, disgusting refined and scholarly men. They weaken their own powers, as men, and do but little, if any good. They exact preposterous prices, and calculate to make from four to six thousand dollars from a production which they could not sell to any leading review or journal for a sum exceeding fifty dollars. They play the charlatan in every sense of the word, and leave an unjust idea of American scholarship. They do no honor to themselves or to literature. It may be that the lyceum system of this country has done good in its day. But with the present intelligence of the people, we think the day for good has passed. Oratory is a queen that will never be silent in the republic, unless perchance she falls into the hands of mountebanks. Her voice is grand at the bar of justice, in the halls of legislation, and in the arena of public dispute. But if tampered with too far she may hold her voice silent through all convulsions of states and peoples. We would have her strong to help on the right, and mighty towards building up a dignified and refined people. Let her not be sold out to the travelling declaimers whose inspiration is their pockets, whose ideas are trumped up for a sensation, but keep her in her imperial place at the footstool of justice, and by the side of the graces.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, October 6, 1865.

MR. ALGER says, in the introduction to the new edition of his "Poetry of the Orient," that in the "absence of everything of the kind from our language, the present crude and hasty sketch of hints at the contents and character of oriental poetry may be acceptable and useful;" adding that it may serve to give many persons "whose catholic thoughtfulness and æsthetic sensitiveness, whose temperament and culture, fit them to enjoy it, at least some slight acquaintance with a department of literature unique alike in essence and treatment, and certainly in many of the choicest qualities of poetry wholly unrivaled." Mr. Emerson, who furnishes an introduction to the new edition of Saadi's "Gulistan," which is just out with a Boston imprint, says that whilst the Journal of the Oriental Society attests the presence of good Semitic and Sanskrit scholars in our colleges, yet no translation of an eastern poet has yet appeared in America, and of the two hundred Persian bards of whose genius Von Hammer Purgstall has given specimens to Germany, we have had only some fragments collected in journals and anthologies. Under this latter head comes this book of Mr. Alger's, and as far as I know he is right in claiming it to be unique, though the English press has given now and then some entire translations, or in sundry periodicals there have appeared fragmentary specimens of the oriental literatures. Books of just the scope of his are not wanting in German versions, as I pointed out in a letter in the first volume of this journal; but in English, to get just the variety of specimens he has here given us, we should be compelled to ransack piles of magazines, and take excerpts from many different volumes. The book, then, is a useful one, as it fills a void, and this new edition, I find, has some hundred or more additional specimens, some among them equal to the best of the volume. The author speaks of his introduction (in which he has pointed out the bibliography of the subject, and has given in a general way some characteristics of the various eastern literatures) as having been "considerably enlarged," but I cannot find on comparison that the additional matter exceeds a page, which he finds room for by canceling a like amount of quoted verse in the first edition. This new page gives us a few additional references to works on the subject that have appeared in England, besides a "glance" at the oriental section of French bibliography, in which he brings to notice only a few of the more conspicuous works. I find he fails to mention a French version of some Chinese poems, which, if not one of the most important, is one of the latest contributions to our knowledge of that literature, which appeared in Paris about the beginning of last year, entitled "Poesies des Thang," and compiled by Marquiss d'Hervey St. Denis. These specimens are of comparatively late origin, coming between the sixth and ninth hundredth years of our era, while many of the poems of the "Shi-king," a collection made by Confucius, go back of Christ as far, and, even in some cases, twice as far. The reader of German can find ready access to the poems of this earlier age in the translations that Rückert has made of it. How far Mr. Alger has borrowed from it is not to be found out except by laborious collation, for he too often neglects to attach to his excerpts their original source, or the translated medium. I find in a friend's portfolio a specimen done into English, in the lead of Rückert, which very well characterizes the whole collection for the nature of thought and uses to which it is applied. It runs thus:

"Autumn leaves upon the trees,
Oh, how garish seem they all;
And when woman decks to please,
Know, like these, she's near a fall.

"When these leaves, that once were green,
In the dust are fallen low,
Showers cannot wash them clean,
Nor the breezes make them glow.

"If *he* falls, may yet a man
Once again regain his place;
But a fallen woman can
Ne'er the stain of fate efface."

Plain admonition and a certain kind of aphoristic morality seem to characterize most of the specimens that I have become acquainted with through the German. Mr. Alger has seemingly gone to Rückert and his brother bards of the Fatherland for most of his specimens. The Germans have acquired a considerable degree of closeness and neatness in rendering the figurative meaning of these eastern poets—a kind of skill that Goethe has shown great mastery of in his "West-Oestlicher Divan," which is a series of original poems in imitation of the eastern manner, and with all their characteristic points. It was a pretty good test of Mr. Alger's poetic sense when he attempted this work. Translations of this kind require a nice adaptation of language. Mr. Alger does not possess it in sufficient degree to make his attempts always commensurate with the original. He is not unfrequently awkward, and has little appreciation of the value of a cesural pause. He shows that words are sometimes put in too palpably for the rhyme's sake, and that inversions for the rhythm and prosaic phrase are not so baleful to his ear as they should be. There are other instances in which he has done so well that we wonder at his derelictions. If enthusiasm for his subject can effect anything, he has it. He puts a far higher value upon much that he presents us than the unbiased reader will think it should bear. Thus few, I think, will sympathize with him when he presents the closing passage of the "Mahabhârata" as the culminating point of the poetic literature of the world, and then follows this opinion with a citation for our comparison. After all, where there is so radical a difference in taste as between the eastern and western æsthetical sense, one cannot be sure he has perfectly divested himself of temporal influences in passing his judgment. As manifestations of national mind, these productions have a psychological value, however we view their poeticalness. We esteem, in our western sphere, inconsecutiveness and incoherence as traits we would not care to share with the habitants of Bedlam; in the East a smooth continuity of phrase and thought, we would judge from all that they deem wisdom, would send its utterer to the mad-house. Short, pithy sentences, with little interdependence, it is contended, are the natural shapes of literature with people that have few words and no printing of them. The seers are forced to be orphic in their own despite. The atmosphere and scenery of the East, however, hang like a vail over all, like the moonlight that beautifies defects. There is, consequently, from many poems we have in English, done in an eastern spirit, where these outward qualities not unnaturally preponderate over the more strictly mental peculiarities apposite to the clime, a much greater degree of enjoyment to be derived than from any professed translation—pure divertisement I speak of, not instruction—because we get therewith a certain degree of continuity which the western mind deems indispensable. Take, for instance, Moore's "Lalla Rookh," Southey's "Thalaba," and other poems which might be named, and we enjoy the poem almost invariably just in proportion as the author departs from oriental habits of thought while preserving the aroma of the clime. The same may be said of Bayard Taylor's "Poems of the Orient," of whom Mr. Stoddard's praise may be allowed for the poet's license:

"No Saxon like ourselves; an Arab, you,
Stolen in your babyhood by Saxon fays," etc.

I purpose taking up this theme more particularly in connection with the new issue of the "Gulistan," and I observe in passing that Mr. Alger speaks of its editor as "our Concord Saadi," who, by the way, in a poem that betrays the usual awkward tumble of his verse, has pickled, years ago, a rod for any who dare to draw too near the Persian poet:

"But critic, spare thy vanity,
Nor show thy pompous parts,
To vex with odious subtlety
The cheerer of men's hearts."

We are to have from the same publishers (Roberts Brothers) the present month a new issue of a book that used to be very famous in the first quarter of this century, so famous that it set a fashion and had its imitators,—I mean "The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque, illustrated with original designs by Alfred Crowquill." Its author was William Combe, who ought to have a place, but does not find it, in Allibone's Dictionary. Mr. Bohn, in his late edition of Lowndes, furnishes us with the genuine and spurious Syntaxiana. They also promise us another republication in Robert Buchanan's poems. The "Undertones" of this British bard was announced a year or two ago by another house, but never issued. The present collection of his poems will embrace, beside that book, his "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn," together with some new poems, not included in the English edition. They also have in preparation an edition of Dean Alford's "Meditations," and a handsome holiday edition, with illustrations, of Miss Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," done at the University Press, and to be accompanied with the first portrait of the authoress that has been given us, engraved after a recent photograph.

"The Freedman's Book," which Lydia Maria Child is editing for Ticknor & Fields, will be an aggregation of original matter and excerpts, fitted for circulation among that class. Professor Lowell is also making up for them a second series of the "Biglow Papers." They will also publish from "Carleton's" pen a new book called "Winning His Way," and Swinburne's new poem, entitled "Chastelard," and also, following a London translation, "The Journal of Eugénie de Guerin."

Walker, Fuller & Co. have just put to press a history of the First Massachusetts Infantry—the earliest three years' regiment of the war, compiled by its chaplain.

W.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, October 9, 1865.

THERE is little doing here in general literature at present. Lindsay & Blakiston announce several medical works, some of them reprints from English publications, and new editions of their demi octavo illustrated books, intended for presentation at Christmas and New Year. Frederick Leypoldt has in the press, to be sold by subscription only, an octavo of 800 pages, by Mr. Hiram Corson, a "Complete Verbal and Glossarial Index to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, based on the Harleian MS. No. 7,334, as edited by Thomas Wright, for the Percy Society of England." It will contain indexes, also, with the passages in which the words occur, to the "Vision and Creed of Piers Ploughman," "La Mort d'Arthure," and other old works, with an appendix containing obsolete words, and words with obsolete meanings, from various authors, and a grammar of the English language of the fourteenth century, and an essay on the versification of Chaucer. The book will be printed on large and fine paper, and the price, to subscribers only, will be $10 a copy. Mr. Corson's great defect as a writer is his minuteness and diffuseness. T. B. Peterson republishes the three parts in one volume, with illustrations by Darley (made nearly thirty years ago, but very spirited), of Joseph C. Neal's "Charcoal Sketches,"—of which Dickens thought so well that he supervised the London edition.

In the production of school-books, many of which are published here, the greatest activity prevails. From the South the recent demand has been and is very great. All the leading presses here are printing off great supplies of these books. Many of the trade here have lately been surprised and gratified by large remittances from their southern customers on account of debts existing when the late civil war began. The expectation is that the supply of books to the southern states will soon be much greater than it ever has been.

Edwin Forrest, who already occupies one of the finest mansions in Philadelphia (on Broad Street, near the Monument Cemetery), has now purchased a beautiful country-seat on the banks of the Delaware, ten miles north-east of the State House, but within the chartered limits of Philadelphia. It is called Springbrook, and was the residence of Mr. Caleb Cope, one of the merchant princes here, who spent a great deal of money upon the grounds, and built a splendid house, with white marble pillared front (a fac-simile, but a little smaller, of the old United States bank, now the Custom House, in Chestnut Street), to which he added conservatories, hot-houses, Victoria Regia house, fountain, etc. Mr. Cope probably spent $250,000 on this place during the fourteen years he occupied it. His successor, Mr. George H. Stuart, also very wealthy, and well known as founder and president of the Christian Commission, for which such large sums of money were collected during the war, has resided there for the last nine years, and has parted with it now because he returns to Ireland, his native land, where, it is said, he purposes to live in future. The soil of Springbrook never was very good, and much money was expended on improving it; but it was well adapted for a native growth of trees, many of which have attained a vast size. One of the city shipbuilders offered Mr. Stuart as much as $2,000 for a single oak-tree, the monarch of the place. Mr Forrest is as little likely as its late owner to sell it. The whole estate consisted of many acres, which were divided into several tracts, to be sold singly, reserving 70 acres, containing the buildings, with forest, shrubberies, gardens, and lawn, as the principal lot. Many persons went from Philadelphia to witness the sale, but bidders were scarce. Mr. Forrest obtained the place for $76,000, and was offered an advance of $20,000 upon this amount within ten minutes after the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. There are land approaches to this place by three public roads; the Delaware, like the Iser immortalized in Campbell's ballad of "Hohenlinden," is "rolling rapidly" at the foot of the lawn, and the steamboat-landing and railway-station, both at Tacony, are only one mile distant.

It is stated that the great Dundas property, which I have already mentioned as having been sold by auction, will be appropriated by a joint-stock company as a site for a new hotel on a plan different from any other caravanserai in the United States—an improvement, in short, upon the Hôtel du Louvre on the Rue Rivoli, though it cannot compete with it in extent, for it covers two acres

the Grand Hôtel, on the Boulevards, des Capucines, opposite the end of the Rue de la Paix, covering nearly an equal area), and has three courts, one, called the Court of Honor, being covered over with glass. The proposition is to take the whole block, bounded by Broad Street on the west, Walnut on the south, Juniper on the east, and Sansom on the north, and cover it with an immense hotel, on the Paris plan, with a large court in the center, containing a fountain and garden, and surrounded by an ample carriage drive. There would be separate entrances, say on the west and south, for pedestrians; but there would also be a stately arch on the Broad Street façade through which carriages may enter, and another on the Walnut Street side through which they may depart. *On dit*, further—and this is thoroughly Parisian—that a lodger may take his meals where he pleases, paying only for his rooms, the price of lodging varying from $6 to eighty cents in the Hotel du Louvre, according to the floor you are on. On the second floor, front room, the charge is $1 for a bed and thirty cents for "service," with forty cents for a French breakfast and $1 50 for a *table d'hôte* dinner, making $3 20 per day; but the lodging charges diminish as you go up higher and higher still. It is doubtful whether this French system can be easily naturalized here; but it is believed that, if a new and vast hotel be erected on the Dundas property, the experiment will be made. It would certainly be an improvement on the present system, under which he who sleeps in a chamber on the sixth or seventh story of a monster hotel, next the roof, pays precisely as much as he who occupies a chamber on the second floor. Thus he who is inconvenienced pays for him who is specially and luxuriously accomodated. Besides, the Parisian system kindly considers that all guests are not millionaires, and lets a man live somewhat according to his means. The capital for this projected hotel—*if*, indeed, the project itself is not mere talk—must be immense; but it is believed that it could be readily raised from capitalists in Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, and Boston. There is room for it, as all the hotels are full to overflowing. The situation is one of the best for a hotel in Philadelphia. Broad Street, which corresponds in some degree with Fourteenth — or, rather, with Twenty-third — Street in New York, contains many fine public buildings quite near to the Dundas mansion. The Academy of Music, the League House, the Academy of Natural Sciences, the La Pierre House, and several fine churches, are near it, and a new academy of the fine arts will be built in the same locality next year.

Part of the immense wealth left for public purposes by old Stephen Girard was expended on the erection, on the north side of Chestnut Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth, of a set of white marble-faced dwelling-houses, called Girard Row. Back of them was built a double set of houses, constituting Girard Street. At that time few stores had been opened west of Ninth Street, and the Girard Row houses, fitted up with every convenience and with every domestic elegance known at the time, took rank among the most splendid, desirable, and costly dwellings in the city, the inhabitants becoming "fashionable" by virtue of their locality. After some years, during which other and finer mansions sprang up, one of the Girard Row houses became vacant, and a gentleman, who gave ample proof to the city (Girard's trustees), by paying six months' rent in advance, that he could pay the rent, was accepted as tenant. His new neighbors, who silently took stock of him as he moved in, observed, with satisfaction, that his furniture was abundant, costly, and elegant, and judged, from the number of books which formed part of his "fixins," that he was a gentleman of culture. When he was regularly installed in his new house, but before his fashionable neighbors had determined which of them should do him the honor of a formal call—the usual compliment to a stranger—a small bit of plated silver, on which his name and calling were graven, was screwed on under the bell-pull on his door-jamb, and disclosed the appalling fact that he was "Doctor ——, surgeon-dentist." The sensation caused by this is said (the affair occurred a score years ago) to have been something very terrific. Upper Tendom was moved to its centre. A professional man—a mere tooth-drawer, who lived by his skill, which was great—who worked with his hands, however delicately, for his bread—aye, and who succeeded in obtaining a larger income by that process than his aristocratic neighbors procured by inheritance—*he* had no right there, and must be ejected. A deputation waited upon him, which was courteously received, and politely asked him to quit the white-marbled Row, sacred to exclusive aristocracy. He could not see it, and said he preferred to remain. They told him that a working man must not live within a place reserved for the higher classes. He denied that the Girard Row classes, whatever they might be, were better than himself—if as good. He said he was the city's tenant, with a lease from the Girard Estates' Committee; that he had paid his rent in advance; that *his* honorable industry was superior to their *dolce far niente* idleness; that there he was, and there he would stay. The conference, which was conducted with courtesy on both sides, broke up with the dentist's solemn protestation that he would remain in Girard Row. On this, the other tenants sent a petition to the City Council, stating that this intruder, though an unexceptionable gentleman, was an exceptionable neighbour; that neither trade nor profession had previously got a foothold in the Row; and that if the dentist was not served with notice to quit, every other resident in Girard Row would throw up his lease. After long discussion, the Committee on Girard's Estates yielded to this pressure from without, and duly noticed the obnoxious tenant, who was compelled, in the fullness of time, to remove to another dwelling. This exclusiveness exists no longer. One house in Girard Row is now occupied by the National Union Club, and another, a dozen doors more westward, is the locale of the Pennsylvania Club. More than this, it was lately proposed, as business in Chestnut Street is going westward, to convert the whole Row into shops, and, after a faint show of opposition, which was beaten down by the fact that the change would more than double the rent in each instance, it was lately resolved by city councils to spend $10,000 to convert two of the houses into shops. The wedge is in, and it may be expected, ere long, that the whole of Girard Row will constitute a handsome series of splendid stores. Some of the old occupants are still alive—the exclusives who could not tolerate a dentist in the Row—and each Old Mortality shakes his head as he laments the decay of that snobbery which so much helped him and his neighbors when their petition was before the city wiseacres twenty years ago.

Chestnut has ceased to be a fashionable street. The particularly exclusive folks go west of Broad Street, and up Walnut, as far as Twentieth, on Rittenhouse Square, or establish themselves in semi-rural palaces on the north of Broad Street, above Ridge Avenue. With the exception of Rittenhouse, no square in Philadelphia has any claim to be considered fashionable. Washington is chiefly occupied by lawyers and boarding-house keepers; Franklin is surrounded by houses inhabited by the middle class; and Logan has for some time ceased to be considered exclusive.

House rent continues very high, and is said to be on the advance. Still, it is about two-fifths lower than it can be in New York, where the area is limited—Manhattan Island containing twenty-two square miles, while Philadelphia city, which includes the county, has an area of one hundred and twenty square miles. The want here, as in most great cities, is of neat, convenient, not too large, moderately-rented dwelling-houses. The number of houses "to be sold" in this city is very great. During the war, when so many persons were rapidly making money "hand over head," there was quite a *furore* for house-buying. But the restoration of peace has stopped this rapid acquisition of wealth, and people find themselves with houses on hand much larger than their present means can suitably maintain, and burthened with the increasing liability to pay municipal taxes. While the war lasted, the city debt increased immensely. It is doubtful whether New York has beaten Philadelphia in this particular. House-owners want to get rid of property which has become burthensome, and hence the number of houses for sale. On the other hand, houses to rent are scarce and costly. The expense of living has not only *gone* up, but has *kept* up. Almost every necessary article of life is dearer now when gold is 145 than when it was as high as 286. Gold fell, but the cupidity of those who have articles to sell has at least fully maintained itself.

R. S. M.

DRAMA.

ABOUT THEATERS AND THE DRAMA.

We hear a great deal in these days about the decline of the drama, and now and then a spasmodic attempt is made to revive the drooping fortunes of the stage, and restore it to the position it once held. Not many years since a somewhat noted minister harangued an assemblage in favor of the theater, thereby gaining in notoriety what he lost in influence. But the project miscarried, and to-day it is impossible to arouse any real enthusiasm over a dramatic performance in this city. This state of affairs call for an explanation. To make this will involve the utterance of some very plain words, and such we propose to use.

Whether the theater of itself, as a place of amusement, be detrimental to the morals of the community, is a question upon which we are not now called upon to pronounce an opinion. We prefer to consider it as a recognized institution. Plays—so history tells us—were first enacted in the church, and met with no opposition until Pope Innocent III. issued his bull forbidding their enactment in such a place. This is enough to show that the origin of the drama is honorable, however misguided one may deem the priests who first introduced it. Recognizing the drama, therefore, as an established fact, we shall treat it as such, rather than adduce arguments for or against it on the score of taste or morals. That its influence is ofttimes injurious, no one will deny; that it is possible for that influence to be beneficial, we do not dispute. But, in plain truth, the drama, as it exists to-day in this country, is a disgrace to the community and to those who have it in charge. Once it had a literature worthy of the name; now it has none. The idea of instruction by means of plays is lost sight of in the desire to make them simply entertaining. The people have made great advancement in every respect, while the drama is far below the standard to which it attained a hundred years ago. Then it was ahead of the masses; now it is far behind them. The time was when the ambition of the best masters of the English language was to write a play that would live after them; now no leading author would dare risk his reputation by venturing upon such work. A lower class of men have taken the matter in hand, and the result is that our modern plays are despicable as literary efforts, and worthless as mirrors of the present day. Dion Boucicault and Tom Taylor are writing constantly, and to what end? Only to amuse people who have not the brains to entertain themselves. They appeal to a low taste, and only persons of a low order of intellect manifest any interest in their productions. Whether this state of affairs will or can be improved, we care not to argue. Enough for our present purpose that it exists, and instead of showing signs of improvement, bears unmistakable evidence of becoming much worse. The plays now enacting in this city are more than stupid. They are disgusting as literary efforts, and, in at least one instance, revolting to a refined taste.

Nor can the stage hope to regain the high position it once held until the dramatic profession is represented by men and women of respectability at least. No decent man will take his family to a theater when he knows the actors and actresses to be characters that he would not allow to cross the threshold of his house. Exceptions there may be, and are; but, as a class, the members of the dramatic profession in this country to-day are persons who are very properly debarred from respectable society. To hear a courtesan prate of virtue on the stage, or a libertine of honor, involves an incongruity which few will allow themselves to indorse by listening to such pratings. We specify no individuals; but we do say that, as a whole, the members of the theatrical profession in America belong to a very low order of society. Proof of this is seen in the horror with which respectable circles look upon one of their number who goes upon the stage.

It is a matter of common remark that the plays in the metropolitan theaters at the present time are of a very poor character. The inference is plain that the managers realize the fact that the taste of their patrons is also of a low order. Drop into our theaters any evening, and you will see at a glance that the managers are correct. It may be argued that the public taste is vitiated; but the truth is that the character of dramatic performances is fallen so low that respectable people will not patronize them. One cannot attend a theater in the city without running the risk of hearing language which would not be tolerated for a moment in the social circle. Nor can it be claimed that such language is necessary. Ordinary people utter as many sharp remarks every day as can be found in any modern play, yet they do so without the use of vulgarity or profanity. But, on the stage, each of these is brought into requisition, and sometimes by persons who would scorn to use them in private conversation.

It is no pleasure to write thus; but the truth must be told. We have stated only what every patron of the theater knows to be correct. Whether there will be any improvement remains to be seen. Frankly, we do not expect it. As long as money is sure to flow into the treasury by appealing to the lowest tastes, so long will such tastes be appealed to, especially when both actors and managers care more for greenbacks than for aught else. There may be a better day ahead; but, as yet, there are no signs of it.

THE OLYMPIC THEATER.

We begin to think the people of this city are not so bad as they are represented by strangers. It is true we have our share of vices: we have, for instance, thieving officials, dirty streets, dangerous tenement-houses, gamblers by the hundreds, bawds by the thousand; concert saloons flaunt their nudity in Broadway, flash publications are sold on the book-stalls, the daily newspapers

bring to our breakfast-tables indecent advertisements, and quacks make bold to thrust their nasty circulars into the hands of ladies and children on the promenade; but we won't have "Lolah;" we have not got quite so far lost to decency as to allow "Lolah" to exhibit on the stage of one of our favorite theaters. It was too strong even for the careless multitude that, on the second night, took the places of the respectable families who left in disgust after the *début*.

The case is simply this. Mrs. John Wood, manager of the Olympic Theater, after long heralding, brought out a new play and a new actress; the one half written, the other half clad. In order to gild this, which, as an expert in management, she must have known to be a poisonous pill, she lavishes the resources of pictorial art upon the play and the player. It is not necessary to inquire whether the manager was fully aware of the gross character of the proposed performance; it was her business to know it, and there is no excuse for her. Doubtless, Mr. Greeley might truthfully say that he did not see the nasty advertisements recently printed in the *Tribune;* but the people hold him responsible, and, although technically innocent, he is morally and legally guilty. And so the manager of the Olympic must "take the responsibility." Is it to be presumed that, if a brazen creature proposes to make such exhibition on the Olympic stage as the Empress Theodora is said to have made in Constantinople, ignorance is to avail to shield the director from censure? Certainly not. She is indictable as accessory before the fact.

Some readers will here interrupt us to say, "There's a lady in the case." We grant it; grant both to be ladies, if you will; but it is with their voluntarily assumed public character that we have to deal: as private individuals, we have not a word to say. They may be angels, and we hope they are. There was "a lady in the case" at Washington, named Harris; another, who shall be nameless; and, more recently, another in Chicago; and these three "ladies in the case" cost three lives—one of inestimable value to a great nation. There is not much difference in the whistle of bullets, whether fired by the brawny hand of a man or the cobweb nerves of "a lady in the case." And so we claim to be doing no more than strict duty, notwithstanding the offenders are women, in calling attention to the very grave offense given in the production of this "Lolah," and to the immediate and decided manner in which it was frowned down by the people. As a play it is not worth describing, further than to say that it opens with a sea-captain chasing a female passenger around the decks at night, making to her what are politely termed indecent proposals; and that, in a grand scenic act, Miss Rushton appears in gorgeous robe, open and flowing off the form to an extent that might do very well for the Greek Slave in marble, but is quite impossible for any living figure of flesh and blood not altogether indifferent to the demands of decency.

Its prompt suppression gives us hope for further reform, and it should go on until not only indelicate scenes, but indelicate words are banished, aye, and indelicate plots, too; for a majority of the "old comedies," as they are called, the works of Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, Cibber, Mrs. Behn, and others, many of which are favorites with managers of the present day, are simply infamous in character, teaching and illustrating the practices of seduction, bigamy, and all the minor accomplishments of genteel villainy: the women are procuresses sometimes, but generally (save perhaps one poor specimen of penniless virtue put in as a butt for ridicule) tattlers, backbiters, Candours and Sneerwells all. It is only by extensive weeding that the language put into their mouths can be made presentable; this done, and the more atrocious "situations" expurgated, they answer very well to show the elegant costumes of Queen Anne's days, and give players an opportunity at the same time of exhibiting the perfection of padding, the becomingness of powdered wigs, and indulging in the brilliant repartee and double entendre of courtly days. But they are poisonous in tone and teaching after all; they should go into the lumber-closet with Smollett's fiction and Swift's filth. It is to be desired that the failure of "Lolah" may be turned to profit in this direction, and that the people will insist upon such purgation throughout as will make the theater a place where one may take his children without even a possibility of having their eyes, ears, or judgment filled with the muck of lewdness. This can be done if the real friends and patrons of the drama will take the matter in hand. It is not many years since almost every theater had its "third tier;" but now we believe there is none that presumes to tolerate such a den. It is not many years since the ballet was attempted here by Ellsler and others on an exceedingly French plan; but the stern reproval of the people soon brought it down to at least comparative decency, and to-day it is as decorous as ballet possibly can be. "Lolah" makes a good starting-point for a few more lessons; Mrs. Wood has received hers; now let the discipline spread up and down the street from below Broome to above Thirteenth, wherever offence may give cause.

ART.

THE COOPER INSTITUTE "SCHOOL OF DESIGN" FOR WOMEN.

II.

Out of the nettle of the Cooper Institute we can pluck at least this one flower of safety: it is an incorporated affair, and not dependent on the existence of any individual. It exists not merely by the pleasure of Mr. Cooper, the ostensible, nor by that of Mr. Hewitt, the real, head of the concern, but in a permanent body, whose individual members will be replaced, as they die out or resign, by others; and it would be singular if, in an American institution, ideas should not at last penetrate, and both reform abuses and new-model inconvenient or unprofitable arrangements. Perhaps, seeing what manner of men the two principal functionaries are; how senile, vapory, and untaught the one, and how insolent, dogmatic, and equally ignorant the other; both alike impenetrable by ideas, and planting their fore-feet, in true mulish fashion, on the first intimation that it would be well to go forward,—it is, perhaps, well that the constitution of the Institute does not bind the trustees too closely to details of management. As Mr. Cooper, in founding it, had only the dimmest shadow of a sentiment to embody, the real shaping of it is left for wiser heads, and for people who have sensible plans for the assistance of boys and girls to carry out, and only need a standing-place whence to ply their levers of reform. If Mr. Cooper had had a little knowledge, there might have been danger that he would insist upon petrifying his crude notions and vagaries into laws, and protecting them against change by stringent conditions; as he had no knowledge of what was wanted by society, or of what he wanted himself, this danger was averted; and, with a roof over their heads, and a certain steady capital to work with, educated people will, in time, make the Cooper Institute a source of practical good to the community; something more than the mere fool's paradise which it is at present.

And yet it cannot be concealed that, the better the plans to be carried out, and the greater the wisdom of the planners, the more seriously will the absurd arrangement of the building itself be found to interfere with practical results. According to Mr. Cooper's own statement, he was first moved to this philanthropic enterprise when yet a boy; and his notion had this of clear and definite about it, that he would, some day, establish an institution for the gratuitous helping of boys and girls to an education; and that he would erect a building for the purpose on the very spot where the Cooper Union has since been put up. This was a good notion to start with; the first flash of the idea through the brain would have been fostered by some men until it became light-bearing and light-giving; but, with Mr. Cooper, it was treated after the fashion employed by people in the White Mountains when they make what they call a smudge—a fire half-smothered under damp leaves and sticks, which smolders all day, and fills the air with smoke; so this spark, which flashed before the eyes of young Cooper, was hid under a heap of unintelligent and half-formed notions, and, to this day, gives out more smoke than either light or heat. From the time when the notion we have spoken of first entered his mind, if, indeed, it was ever anything more than a generous dilatation of the emotions, and not a suggestion of the intellect at all, Mr. Cooper seems to have never given a single thought as to how his intention could be best carried out. So far as we can learn, he made no examination of similar enterprises, successful or unsuccessful, in Europe; consulted no plans, advised with no able persons; took no practical measures to make his design useful, but seems to have trusted that the gods would accept and bless his scrap of benevolent impulse, laid, as we do not doubt, in sincerity, on their altar; that they would, in default of all effort on his part, evolve out of the starveling slip a good and stately fruit-bearing tree—shade-giving, fowl-protecting. Well, the gods may; nobody doubts their power; but, if they had been consulted—and Mr. Cooper did not think even their advice worth having—they would, doubtless, have put in a plea for more intelligent priests than those who at present conduct the futile sacrifices which innocent boys and girls are making of their time; and a different temple from that, the plan of which, if we may believe the popular myths, Mr. Petersen's genius completed in half-an-hour, in the closet where he had been locked, at his own request, in order to secure undisturbed inspiration.

The charge which we make against the heads of the Institute, as to the School of Design for Women, is two-fold. There is nothing left of the original plan; and nothing worth having has been substituted in its place. The original intention, to found a school of design where women could be taught to make patterns for carpets, wall-paper, calicoes, silks, chintzes, lace; where they could be taught to decorate porcelain, to engrave on wood, and, perhaps, to carve wood and stone, was one which some day must be carried out, both for girls and boys, unless our manufacturers wish to be always dependent on foreign workmen. At any rate, whether they choose such dependence or not, a good school of design, thoroughly well taught, and managed by energetic, practical people not easily daunted or thwarted, would before long force the manufacturers to change their minds. They would soon see—for our large manufacturers are not inferior to Englishmen or Frenchmen in intelligence—that, supposing the American designers to be equal in ability to the foreign workmen, and under good teaching they would soon become so, they had everything to gain, in wages, in steadiness of service, in immunity from strikes and refusal to work except under conditions dictated by whim or a consciousness of self-importance—by employing native rather than imported workmen. This has been the experience of manufacturers in England, where the schools of design, after a long stage of discouragement and want of success, have at length been taken up by the government, and are so fully recognized as of great importance to the manufacturing interest, and as contributing to the national wealth, that they will probably never be abandoned. Indeed, these schools will probably form a part of any plan of free national education which may be adopted in England; and, if they continue to be conducted on the present excellent system, so generously and thoroughly carried out—nothing could be better contrived to elevate the minds of children, to make them close observers of nature, to fill their minds with cheerful thoughts, to keep them from low pursuits, to stimulate their faculties, and develop artistic, scientific, and even mechanic ideas.*

Now, the New York School of Design for Women was a move in this good direction, and, as we have said, only needed encouragement, and a little generous backing, to have established itself permanently. All the money-help it needed Mr. Cooper was abundantly able and, we dare say, willing to give; and if the trustees, or Mr. Hewitt, who acts as if he were Mr. Cooper and the whole board of trustees rolled into one very unsatisfactory person, had had either the intelligence to devise, or the skill to adopt, measures for carrying out the plan proposed by the ladies who first moved in the matter, there would have been no need of failure. But there never was, we venture to say, a person at the head of so important an establishment as the Cooper Union so utterly unfit, both by nature and training, to fill the position, usefully or creditably, as Mr. Abram Hewitt. If anybody thinks that we are unnecessarily personal, let him reflect on the great gap which the Cooper Institute set itself ostentatiously to fill, and on the vast amount of substantial good that might have been accomplished if all that has been spent of time and money had been wisely expended, as it so easily might have been, and then let him know that all the blame of failure (and the failure is contemptible) rests on the shoulders of one man, who is not merely ignorant, for that might be mended; not merely fussy, for that might be endured; not merely obstinate, for that might be overcome—and he will perhaps excuse what seems like heat. For Mr. Hewitt has undertaken the management of a great institution devoted to science and art, when he is as ignorant of all science and as blind to all art as is possible for an uneducated person to be whose mind and time are incessantly absorbed in a business that requires only ordinary intelligence to manage; and he is not only wholly incredulous of his ignorance, but fancies himself competent to settle every question that arises connected with the management of these departments. He is meddlesome to a degree sufficient to constitute him a good working nuisance. And this being the character of the man who has pushed himself into the place of chief director of the Cooper Institute, it may easily be understood how impossible it must be, so long as he represents the spirit of its management, to carry out any system in the School of Design which calls for intelligence in comprehending it, faith in supporting it under the discouragement which must at first attend it, and

* A pleasant chapter might be written—has it ever been done? —on the suggestions for mechanic inventions which have been derived from a study of nature. One striking one occurs to us as we write. The machine with which the engineers are boring the tunnel of Mt. Cenis is modelled on the mechanism by which the Piddock (*Pholas dáctylus*) bores into the chalk.

persistence in adhering to it, until it shall have been fairly tried, and shall have proved either its right to succeed or the necessity of its failure. And it was only to have been expected that the plan originally devised for carrying on the School of Design for Women would be abandoned on the first appearance of any obstacle, and something more "popular" and catching be substituted in its place.

No sooner was it determined to give up the School of Design and make of it a school of painting and drawing, than a notable figure appeared upon the scene, and, laying a light but firm rein on the necks of both the nominal and real heads of the Institute, proceeded to direct their steps in the way she had marked out. To control Mr. Cooper was really no difficult task; for, not having any mind of his own, he very easily and graciously yielded to one whose purpose was clear and whose will was firm; but all who were concerned in the School of Design beheld, not without astonishment, the untamable autocrat, before whose nod the whole Institute had hitherto trembled, following with submissive steps the directions of a mere woman. At her bidding, plans were adopted, changed, abandoned, with little regard to expense; teachers were employed, tried, dismissed, retained; models were procured, rooms were altered, and the two gentlemen, the young and the old, vied with each other in obedience to the commands of the fair tyrant whom they had themselves installed over the department. This was a character which piques us with the wish to draw it in larger lines, but of which we can only here assert that she brought order out of disorder; used money with what looked like wisdom compared to the mingled parsimony and waste that had been the rule before; and, though brought up in a conventional school of art, and taught to reverence the old ways, she had yet the intelligence to recognize what was good when it was presented to her, and the firmness to uphold what she had once for good reasons determined to introduce.

It was this lady who first recognized Mr. Farrer's extraordinary merit when Mr. Hewitt, to whom he had been introduced and recommended, presented him to her, and laid his work before her. Accustomed to the thorough teaching of foreign schools, she at once saw that here was work which only labor and nice perception could have produced, and Mr. Farrer was put over a class, which he held for three years with a steady success that did great credit to his own ability, and proved the excellence of his system.

That system consisted in the total abandonment of the usual paraphernalia and machinery of drawing and painting academies—the plaster casts, the lithographic models—and the putting in their place whatever natural objects could be easily procured and conveniently employed. Single leaves, small twigs and boughs, a lichened branch or stone, small stuffed birds (employed as studies in color), an apple or a pear, a pine-cone or a cluster of acorns,—were placed before the pupils, and they were set at copying them with all the accuracy possible to their unaccustomed hands. Mr. Farrer diligently taught them how to observe, how to study; he taught them how to direct their labor, so as to economize it while not sparing it; he instilled into their minds the doctrine that the power of drawing correctly is not to be looked upon as an ornamental accomplishment, but only as an aid in studying nature—as a means of recording what we have learned of her; and that, to this end, we cannot be too rigorous in our devotion to truth. He taught these doctrines with enthusiasm, and imparted much of his zeal and aspiration to his pupils. It was surprising to see how readily they learned, how faithfully they worked, and how skillful many of them became. Surprising, we say; but, after all, it should not have been so, for they were interested, and that makes learning easy. Mr. Gray had a class in figure painting, and Messrs. McEntee and Whittredge in landscape, but these classes never had any real vitality. Mr. Whittredge afterwards set his young ladies at drawing old boots and shoes, powder-flasks, and empty game-bags, but even these poetic objects failed in bringing his class up to the standard attained by Mr Farrer's; and, one by one, these gentlemen left the school.

Now, if the original plan must have been abandoned, this system of Mr. Farrer's, which he had learned from Mr. Ruskin, would have proved the next best thing to it. However small the immediate pecuniary results might have been to the scholars, they were at least learning to draw thoroughly well; and, if ever a real school of design had been established, they would easily have been trained to do good work in it. Let us imagine, what is still very easily possible, we suppose—what, at all events, was not unreasonable once—that Mr. Farrer and Mr. Hill were made heads of the drawing department, and that Mr. Mould were made master and director of the department of design, with an advisory committee composed of a dozen of our very best architects and artists. Suppose we say six of each; and name, as architects, Mr. Mould, the younger Upjohn, Mr. Wright, Mr. Sturgis, Mr. Eidlitz, Mr. Miller; and, as artists, Eastman Johnson, C. C. Coleman, Charles Moore, John Henry Hill, Mr. Hennessey, and Mr. La Farge. Let these gentlemen be asked to assist the school by visiting it regularly, and examining the work; let them be asked to lecture, to award prizes, to act as a council; let Mr. Cooper and Mr. Hewitt stand entirely aside, merely giving these gentlemen the necessary funds to work with, or honoring their drafts at sight, and abstaining from any interference whatever. Our word for it, if such a plan—which, considering all things, we fear is Utopian—could once be carried out in good faith for a year, there would no longer be any question as to the result. But what is the use of proposing impossibilities? We are trying, like the hungry man in the fable, to make a stone soup, and, worse off than he, we have no stone to begin it with. Mr. Farrer has resigned his place, disgusted with "the Cooper" and all concerned in it. The lady whose energy kept the school alive and made it as useful as she knew how, left it some time ago, her health not permitting her to answer its demands upon her time and strength. And there is now at the head of it an utter incompetent, aided by another as futile as herself. These two negatives make an affirmative of stagnation, in which the school at present flounders after the most approved old fashion. The carnival of conversatism reigns, in which our little German friend who teaches high art *à la Julien* to the boys in the garret, can shout salutation down the ventilating drum to the English and Italian Bourbons in the women's school; and Mr. Cooper and Mr. Hewitt, once more surrounded by that darkness which is so grateful to them, can sleep undisturbed by fanatics and rule unbothered by suggestions of reform.

ART NOTES.

The event of last week, in the world of art, was the private exhibition during Tuesday and Wednesday, October 3d and 4th, at the Derby Gallery, of Mr. President Huntington's picture, "The Republican Court in the time of Washington." The picture is now open to the public, and next week we shall speak of it more at length. The subject is a happy one; and both the picture and the engraving, which Mr. Ritchie is to make from it, are sure of popularity; would be, in any case, even if the to-be publisher, Mr. Seitz, had not done his best to secure a good picture, and if the artist had not, as he certainly has, put out all his ability to treat the subject worthily. A foretaste of the reception it will receive from the public was given by the large number of visitors who crowded the small and very inconvenient room in which it is shown. It is not possible either to study it or enjoy it under present circumstances.

Mr. Avery has at his rooms a late picture by Mr. Eastman Johnson, which shows the artist steadily advancing, as must be the case with so unwearied a student. The subject is the interior of a farm-house in Maine—which state, by the way, the artists are gradually finding out, and whose scenery we shall probably soon see painted until it is made as familiar as that of the White Mountains—and Mr. Johnson has given us a picture of it, in all its quaint simplicity, as careful and accurate as any that Frère ever painted of a French peasant's cottage. The wall over the large fire-place is covered with newspapers in default of wall-paper proper, and before the hearth is a home-made rug, which in pattern and color would not lose by being put beside Indian work. We think this circumstance worth noticing. So strikingly good are the color and design of this rug, that we at first took it for a faded bit of Smyrna or Persian carpet, which we supposed had stopped at this humble home on its way to the rag-bag; but it is really a bit of home-made work, put together out of scraps and clippings of woolen cloth; and either from the same house, or from another near by, the artist brought a cushion, a curious affair—a fluffy, brioche-shaped, comfortable old thing, but having the same charm of color. Odd, isn't it? For these simple people, that made the rug and it, have probably never heard the first word about design, or color, or art of any kind, and never heard of any Titian, or Veronese, or Indian but the great divine One who is just now painting our woods and fields with such glorious color as makes Venice paltry. An old lady sits at the window sewing, and we look out upon the field where the reapers are drawing their work to a close in the long golden afternoon. It is an idyl of rustic peace, with which the artist has felt such true sympathy that we must reckon him, as we have indeed this long time, poet as well as painter: a true American singer, with not a note of Europe in his song.

It is reported that Mr. Bierstadt has sold his picture of the Rocky Mountains to one of the English gentlemen whose journey through our country has been so amply recorded in the newspapers. If this is true, then we are very sorry for it. We wish these gentlemen could have taken home to England with them some really good American pictures of American scenery. We have a few good painters of whose works the English know nothing, and we have many poor ones of whose works they already know too much. Mr. Bierstadt's picture is neither American nor good, and we are sorry that, just as our people are beginning to find out how artificial and untrue to nature he is, one of his largest pictures should go out of the country as a specimen of American work. The most trustworthy accounts of persons thoroughly familiar with the scenery of the Rocky Mountains and of California assure us that Mr. Bierstadt's pictures are utterly unreliable, as, indeed, our reason tells us that they must be, and as photographs plainly enough prove. Such pictures as his "Yo Semite Valley" are mere pieces of scene-painting, gross caricatures of nature, so wanting in all reality and faithfulness, that we know an instance of a person thoroughly familiar with the whole region, and enthusiastically fond of it, who heard that this picture was in the last Exhibition, and went there expressly to see it. Not having a catalogue, he wandered about the rooms looking for it, and at last, on inquiry, found that he had passed and repassed it, and looked at it several times, without suspecting it to be what he was searching for. The truth is that Mr. Bierstadt has been ruined by excessive flattery. He is a third-rate painter, who, perhaps, if he had studied hard and been content with moderate success, might, in time, have taken a good place; but he has long since ceased to do even respectable work, and it is time that his claim to high rank should be challenged. On some accounts we think it well that his picture should go to England. If Mr. Ruskin, with his real knowledge of mountain forms, should once get a chance to dissect it, there would probably be no need of anything further being said on this side the water.

Mr. William Willard has been known for many years as one of the best portrait-painters in Boston. He has a happy faculty at catching a likeness, and he paints with a vigorous and characteristic pencil. His portrait of President Lincoln, taken from a photograph, is a remarkable work, reproducing with singular fidelity the sweetness and melancholy which stamped their peculiar expression upon the homely features of our lamented chief magistrate. But a recent work of his is of a higher mood than anything he has before done. It is the portrait of a lad, of about fourteen, a deceased son of the artist. We assume the likeness to be correct, but we can speak confidently of the artistic merit of the work, which seems to us very high. The drawing is correct, but the great charm is in its coloring, which is rich and brilliant; almost a revival of that seemingly lost art. As we look at it we think of a ripe pomegranate or peach. Mr. Willard has never been in Venice, but in this work he has caught much of the glow and sunshine which irradiate the canvas of Titian and Giorgone. The portrait has attracted much attention and called forth warm praise from not a few of Mr. Willard's brother artists, the best judges of technical merits, at least.

Messrs. Moxon & Co. announce a biography of William Henry Hunt, the well-known English water-color artist, by F. G. Stephens. The book is to be illustrated by chromo-lithographs and wood-cuts from the artist's works, and is expected to appear at Christmas. A complete catalogue is promised of his numerous works—a promise, we should judge, easier to make than to keep. Our readers who know and admire the work of this remarkable man, may be interested in learning that his sister is in this country, and has with her several examples of his work, as well as drawings by other artists, which we believe are for sale. Mr. Avery has a good specimen of Hunt's fruit painting at his rooms, which will give some notion of his beautiful execution. During the last years of his life Mr. Hunt was very infirm, and was obliged to give up painting all subjects except those of still-life, the models for which could be brought to his room, and copied as his health permitted. It was in this way that many of these lovely bits of mossy earth, with a few wild flowers, or a dead bird, or fruit, were painted, and he was thus enabled to keep up the practice of the art in which he delighted to the last. It is pleasant to hear of Mr. Ruskin's devotion to the old artist; of his eagerness to secure all his best work; and of the friendly anger he showed when some one else carried off a particularly beautiful drawing, for which he had not spoken in time. We love Ruskin more for hearing—have we a right to hear or tell?—of his passionate grief when the old man left the earth, whose quiet beauty he had done

so much to record and interpret, and whose peasant children he had brought as friends into so many houses. If we speak of what we ought, perhaps, not to speak, it is only to record another evidence of Ruskin's tenderness and goodness of heart, at a time when the bitter, harsh, and angry words that are getting to be more and more the characteristics of his speech are thrown back to him from so many quarters that we are tempted to forget that it is the very sensitiveness and purity of his nature that make the sin, and weakness, and wretchedness about him pierce his soul and drive out shrieks and groans in place of pleasant words. Do not let us forget Ruskin's splendid services to us; we never can repay them, let us be thankful as we may. Let us remember that it is not possible for an Englishman in these days, who is thoughtful, sincere, and endowed with the gift of eyes, not to be angry, and sore, and despairing. England, socially, is one great plague-spot, and her great minds see it, and it makes them unutterably sad. The greater they are, the more acutely they feel it; and the misery of it lies in the fact that the evil seems impossible to cure.

PLEASANT it is to record how faithful work—the work of men quietly bent on telling the truth, let it be humble as it may—is sure to prove of value, some day, in a way that the unconscious workman never dreamed of. Archæology has lately been put under obligation for evidence confirmatory of its theories by two examples of art, which perhaps have nothing in common with fine art except their truth to nature. In the caverns of Périgord there have recently been found a number of fragments of ivory, which, on being put together, show very plainly the figure of a mammoth, having the striking peculiarity of a heavy mane. It was at once identified with the Siberian mammoth, whose remains were preserved in the frozen earth, and gradually thawed out, in a wonderfully perfect state, only a few years ago, as some of our readers may remember to have heard. An account of the discovery of this beast, the very hair of whose mane and hide remained, will be found in "Chambers's Miscellany." It has been only conjectured, we believe, that he was cotemporary with man; but the rude carving found in the cavern of Périgord seems to make it certain that he was. Suppose this ancient workman had despised the literal treatment, and idealized his mammoth? The other item is of less importance, but interesting, as proving that good art is none the worse for being accurate, supposing it possible, which it is *not*, for it to be at the same time good and *inaccurate*. Mr. Babington, in his introductory lecture on Archæology, before the University of Cambridge, says that (we quote from the *Athenæum*) "on the reverse of the beautiful Greek coins of Rhodes occurs a flower about which numismatists have disputed ever since the days of Spanheim, whether it was the flower of the pomegranate or the rose. Even Col. Leake has here taken the wrong side, and decided in favor of the pomegranate. The divided calyx at once shows every botanist that the representation is intended for the rose, conventional as that representation may be of the flower which gave its name to the island."

IT turns out that, as we conjectured, the discovery at Pompeii of a temple to Juno, with the jeweled statue of the goddess, surrounded by the skeletons of the worshipers, and with costly accompaniments in the shape of golden censers, agate floors, bronze tables, etc., etc., is a myth, invented by the fertile brain of some French wag. We suppose nobody really believed it; we know, we did not. The same ingenious disciple of Munchausen has joined the French army of occupation in Mexico, and has been making explorations there; at least we judge so from the following paragraph which we find in an English journal: "About fifty miles from Tuxan, in the province of Tlaxicala in Jecorumbo" (there is nothing so telling as seeming accuracy of detail in a suspicious story), "in a dense forest of gigantic cedars, situated on a healthy table-land, the ruins of an extensive Mexican aboriginal city have just been discovered. The temples are of large size, some with vaulted roofs, and so well preserved that ancient paintings appear fresh; and the courts are piled with figures of idols, and with pyramids surmounted by the same."

CABANEL'S portrait of the Emperor, which took the prize at the last French Salon, and about which the judgments of the critics were so divided, has been beautifully photographed by Bingham. Mr. Cabanel could not have chosen a subject more uninteresting; and we regret that powers such as his should be devoted to flattering a face that has not, among all its *blasé* feautures, one line of nobleness, one trace of refinement.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JAMES S. CLAXTON, Philadelphia.—Jesus and the Coming Glory or, Notes on Scripture. By Joel Jones, LL.D. 1865. Pp. 581.
Man, Moral and Physical: or, The Influence of Health and Disease on Religious Experience. By Rev. Joseph H. Jones, D.D. 1865. Pp. 324.

LITTLE & BROWN, Boston.—Speeches of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, with a Biographical Introduction, by Frank Moore. 1865. Pp. 494.

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